

MASACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

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PROPRIETOR.
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AGRICULTURAL.

NOVEMBER ON THE FARM.

The month of November is the one when we usually expect the ground to freeze up in the latitude of Boston, on some day between the 10th and 20th, though in exceptional seasons it keeps open as late as December 1st.

The prudent farmer will not turn the cattle out to his mowing fields in this month, the bite of frozen aftermath they will get by so doing is worth more as a mulch for the grass roots than it is for fodder. It is far better to keep the cattle up and give them a bite of green winter rye and barley fed in the barn, or failing this to begin the regular winter rations of hay, corn fodder or ensilage, and roots and grain.

A little variety in feeding is as much relished by cattle as by men, and we should try to change about a little so as to give a pleasant change now and then without disturbing the proper balance of each day's ration, which should always be partly dry fodder, partly grain and partly ensilage or roots. Thus if the farmer's grain, sprouts and barley sprouts, corn meal and cotton seed meal are used as grain, they may be alternated by using the brewer's grains, sprouts, or shorts alternately in combination with corn meal or cotton seed meal, and the turnips may be alternated with apple pomace, mangels and carrots or sugar beets.

It is quite as important to keep up a good, healthy appetite in the cattle as to mix their rations according to scientific formulas; we would not be understood as undervaluing the importance of scientific research in these matters; however, we owe the chemists very much for telling us how to mix our fodder and grain economically, but we must not overlook the importance of giving the cattle food which they will relish and eat up clean, and a little variety in their rations is the best way to maintain this appetite.

If not already done make sure that the cattle barn is made tight against severe weather, by battening any cracks and banking up around the sills, so as to prevent cold air from drawing under the floor and chilling the cattle; they should also be well provided with fresh air in mild weather. The same remarks will apply to the hen house.

If it is desired to keep up a supply of milk all winter it will probably pay well to warm the water to a temperature of 60° before giving it to the cows. There is, however, difference of opinion on this point. Hens also do better when they have warm water to drink in cold weather.

If open weather continues after all the necessary preparations for winter are made, it will be found a good time to attend to the drainage of the farm. The drains with a plough being the ground frozen, and men will usually work for lower wages at this season than earlier.

THE WINDMILL.

Our illustration suggests a few hints as to the use of windmills by farmers. Wind power is beyond all comparison the cheapest power to be had, where only a small power, say five-horse power or less is wanted, and where occasional stoppage from want of wind is of no consequence. For pumping water and various other work of the farm such as sawing wood, grinding grain, cutting hay or fodder, which can be done at odd times when the wind blows, there is no source of power so cheap and satisfactory as the windmill. But where the work must be continuous, and the power always at our command, as it must be where there is constant work to be done, it is of course necessary to depend on steam or some other motive power.

We know of several farmers who use a windmill when the wind favors, and have in addition a steam pump to supply a large amount of water when needed for irrigation in times of calm weather. The wind is usually a good dependence in stormy weather, and it is a great convenience to be able to use the stormy days in grinding grain, sawing wood and sharpening tools, when the men can not work out of doors.

PRICE OF WHEAT.

It is our belief that the price of wheat is already too high, and that a reaction will soon take place. It is a good time now to sell any surplus that may be on hand; we look for considerably lower prices before spring.

SORGHUM CULTURE.

The culture of sorghum for sugar is attracting some attention at the South. It appears from the experiments of Hon. N. J. Coleman, United States Commissioner of Agriculture, that sugar of excellent quality can be made from sorghum. That good land in our Southern and Middle States will yield from eight to twelve tons of sorghum per acre, containing 120 pounds of sugar and ten gallons of molasses per ton, besides sixteen to twenty bushels of seed worth as much as corn for stock feeding.

It is believed that it will be found profitable as far north as New Jersey. It would seem as if there were margin here for the profitable production of sugar even if the high duty of fifty per cent. upon imported sugar should be reduced by tariff reformers. The true welfare of the South will be greatly enhanced by a diversity in its product, and we are very glad to see that the people there are alive to these facts and likely to make use of them.

THE CUT

Of the farm buildings of William H. Hopkins, of Providence, R. I., is worthy of attention. Some practical ideas may result from its study. The barn is 145 x 60 feet with twenty-five posts; basement of stone pointed on both sides; bottom cemented. It has four cross walls running through it, besides other partitions dividing it into eight silos, eight paddocks and twelve stalls for horses and oxen with ample light and ventilation. It has a work room heated by hot water, under pressure, heated by a large stove furnished with a coil of one-inch gas pipe connected with a thirty-inch kettle used for cooking food and warming water for stock in cold weather.

On the second floor there are fifty tie-ups for cattle in four rooms parallel with each other and entered from the main driveway as indicated by the doors in the end and side. The cattle are fastened with chains in the middle of stalls allowing ample room to lie down and lick either side. They have water in front of them at all times. The rest of the large floor is used for office, grain, storage, woodshed, etc. The upper floor is devoted to water tanks, shafting and machinery. There are hay lofts of 300 tons capacity, which are filled from the centre by a grapple fork. Water is supplied by a 16-foot geared Eclipse Windmill. This windmill is used to grind grain, saw wood, etc. A windmill of this size is capable of producing the following results: in fair winds sawing ordinary cord wood two cuts, one cord per hour; grinding corn and oats into provender from five to twelve bushels per hour; in good winds it will run an Ames Plow Co.'s Corn and Cob Crusher and an Eclipse grinder at the same time reducing the product of the crusher into fine cob meal at the rate of five bushels per hour. The machinery can be so arranged that it will not clog and can safely be left to feed itself and grind out the grain.

Mr. Hopkins is one of our progressive farmers and keeps abreast of the times. He has the best of everything, which is cheapest in the long run.

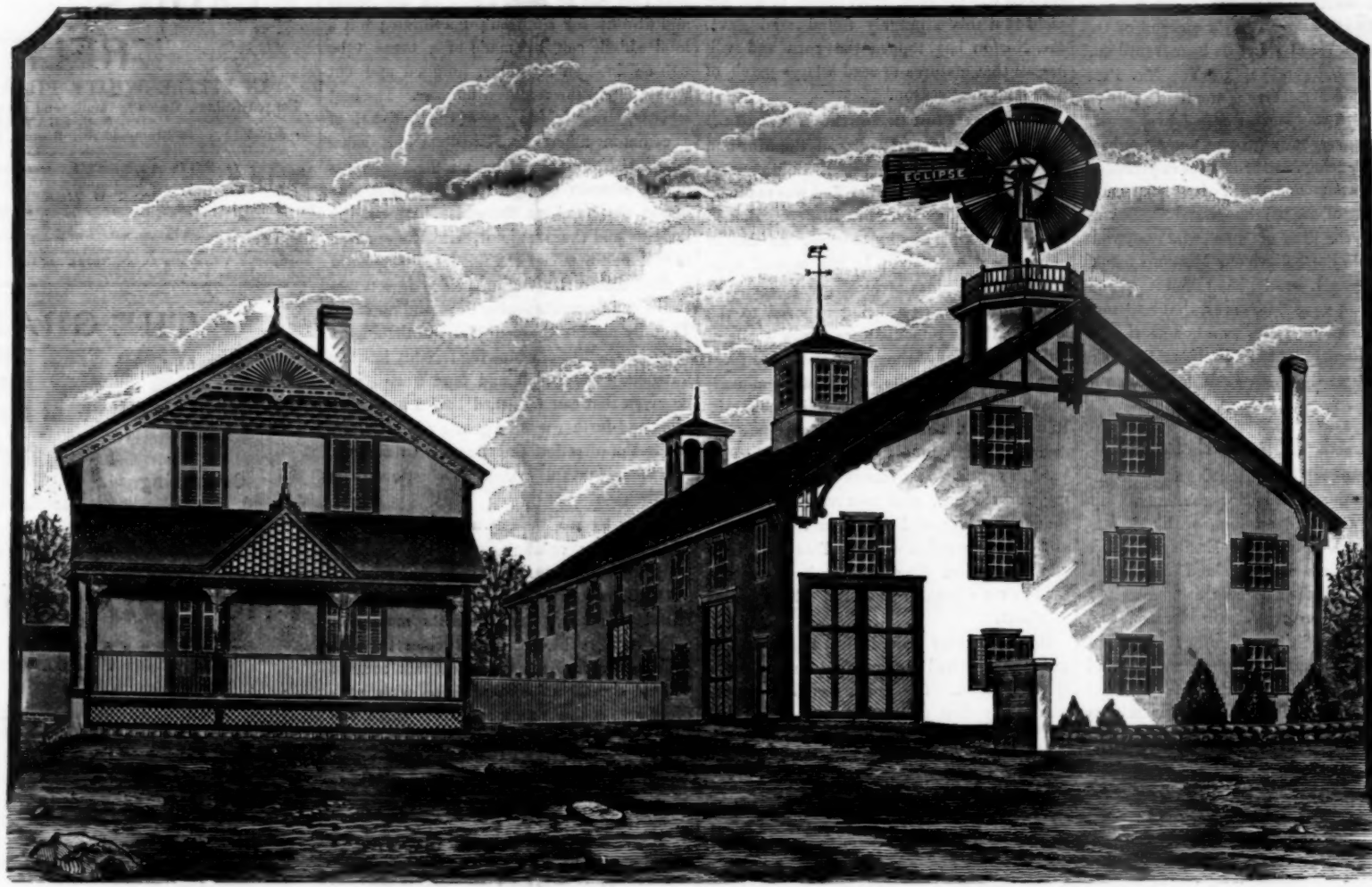
THE POTATO CROP.

It is our impression that there is to be no scarcity of potatoes, although there is a good deal of rot prevalent in New England and New York. The crop in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island is large, and at the west it is larger than usual. The Farmers' Review says:

There is no longer room for doubt that the potato crop of the present season is the largest ever grown in the United States. From statistics furnished by correspondents, based on actual harvest returns, we make the following estimate: Ohio, 15,068,448 bushels; Indiana, 6,791,500 bushels; Illinois, 11,997,994 bushels; Iowa, 17,732,568 bushels; Kansas, 6,892,212 bushels; Nebraska, 5,589,192 bushels; Michigan, 15,212,928 bushels; Wisconsin, 12,236,776 bushels; Minnesota, 7,336,000 bushels; Dakota, 5,913,630 bushels; Missouri, 7,593,124 bushels; Kentucky, 4,085,544 bushels.

Total for the eleven States and Dakota, 116,373,916 bushels. In the thirty-three other States and Territories we assume that the average will be equal to that of 1884, namely, 85.8 bushels per acre, as reported by the Department of Agriculture, which, allowing for increase in acreage, would make a total of 100,272,143 bushels, or a grand total of 216,646,059 bushels against 208,164,425 bushels in 1883, 190,682,000 bushels in 1884, 175,020,000 bushels in 1885, 148,051,000 bushels in 1886 and 134,000,000 bushels in 1887.

Russia is not slow in everything. She slaughters cattle by electricity. It is said that the clover seed crop this year is very short.



Farm Buildings of W. H. HOPKINS, Providence, R.I.

FERTILIZING FOR CORN.

To secure a good crop of corn there must be fertilizing material for the crop to feed upon. The experience of all practical farmers has been favorable to the liberal use of barnyard manure. When the field is liberally supplied from this source there is little cause for complaint, and so far as we have observed unless the planting was upon a soil in good condition, its successful growth and yield depends almost wholly upon the liberality of use of the manure. That crops of corn, and good crops, can be produced by means of commercial fertilizers must be admitted, but it is doubtful to our mind if this system of fertilizing can be continued for a length of time upon only a poor soil, and prove satisfactory.

Neither is such a course in accordance with the true idea of farming. Every farmer should fix his main dependence for fertilizing material to be applied to the soil upon such manures as every farmer can produce.

We have observed the effect of the exclusive use of superphosphate of lime in the cultivation of crops, and while at first the effect is quite satisfactory, a continuance gives results of a much less desirable character. Of course much depends upon the crops to be grown; as we do not believe that superphosphate can be employed in the production of corn or potatoes on the same field with anything like the satisfactory results that will come from the use of a good portion of manure.

The effect of a little manure is sometimes wonderful; this we saw illustrated in a field of corn growing this season in Orleans Co., N. Y. It was grown upon a sod; at one side of the field a small stack of coarse feed was fed to stock that remained in the field and consequently dropped their evacuations in the vicinity of the stack. The amount could not have been large and yet the effect upon the growing crop could be noticed as far as the field of corn could be seen.

The present season, as consequence of a late, wet spring, and the muddy conditions of our farm road, we were unable to haul our manure for corn. We had a field that had been cropped to potatoes the previous season, and a part of it twice cropped, each time after a very heavy coating of stable manure plowed under; as a consequence we were forced to pursue a course, of the success of which we had some misgivings.

To the end of providing some additional fertility above that stirred in the soil, we procured a special corn manure, which we will not name lest it be thought we are trying to advertise it, and applied at the rate of about four hundred pounds per acre. After plowing one-half was spread broadcast and harrowed in, while the other was applied in the hill. To our surprise the corn from the first showed indications of superiority, which were continued to the last, and at cutting our man declared it to be the heaviest

corn he ever cut in his life. But this result we did not attribute to the special manure by any means; we believe that its effect was to bring into immediate action the desired elements of fertility remaining in the soil from the manure applications previously made.

As farmers we cannot afford to jump at hasty conclusions, but must study all conditions that have a bearing upon success and then profit by our varied experiences.

Columbia, Ct. Wm. H. YEOMANS.

THOSE DOGS!

So long as the pet dog and the sportsman's dog are not trained to let sheep and other domestic animals alone, they will occasionally follow their wolfish propensities and destroy valuable sheep, and even pigs and calves.

We know of a case lately where a dog, or more probably a pack of several dogs, killed two yearling heifers, and another case where they destroyed several pigs of about seventy pounds weight.

The law of Massachusetts taxing all dogs, and placing this tax money at the disposal of the county treasurer for the benefit of those whose flocks are injured by dogs, is good as far it goes; but the breeder of sheep, pigs, and even calves and hogs does not care to breed choice animals for such a market; the trouble of proving the amount of loss to the satisfaction of the selectmen, and collecting the money involves considerable vexation and delay, and the breeder likes to have the privilege of selecting what he wishes to sell, and the time of selling. The only satisfactory remedy is to catch the dog, and we cut directions for doing this from the American Sheep Breeder:

To kill a dog often causes bitter strife. To poison a dog is perhaps worse, and is seldom, if ever, advisable. Of course, all shepherds must be on their guard against the dog, and must be ready to labor and vote for the enactment of a just dog law. Failing that, the best way is to make the dog bring in his own indictment. If a sheep is found killed or injured around it, a rail-pen sloping inward or upward seven or eight feet high, and with an aperture at the top two or three feet square. The dog can easily ascend this and leap down inside, but can never escape. In the morning the pen will generally contain a miscellaneous assortment of crest-fallen curs, and the neighbors can be summoned to claim their own. If, after this ocular proof of guilt, the dogs still continue their depredations, the flockmaster will be justified in shooting them on sight.

A dog that has once tasted stolen mutton can seldom if ever be cured of the habit of nibbling it on the sly; it is usually necessary to kill him or transport him to some point where he can do no harm. There is little chance that his owner can ever cure his vicious ways however confident he may be of his power to do so.

Why should not dog owners be required by law to keep their dogs on their own premises? Why are dogs entitled to liberties which we do not grant to cattle or swine?

Prices of hogs at Chicago are about 30 cents per 100 pounds lower than a week ago, but we do not expect them to go much lower.

PRICE OF MILK.

It gives us pleasure to print the following letter, as it illustrates the value of a combination like the Milk Producers' Union, in demanding the rights of the producer when needed, and also as illustrating the value of arbitration in settling such questions with as little friction and loss as possible to all concerned, and also the folly of attempting to crowd or overreach independent farmers who wish nothing more than honorable treatment and fair play.

The consumers of milk are interested in this question as well as the producers, they like to know what becomes of the money they pay in milk bills.

Editor of THE PLOUGHMAN:

I send you an abstract of the agreement between Messrs. Page & Gove, and milk producers on the Goffstown route who control considerably more than half the carload of milk which comes to Boston from that route. A word of explanation in regard to the case is due to the public and the parties concerned inasmuch as producers all over the state are interested to know if the agreement made between the Milk Producers' Union and the Contractors' Association is to be carried out in good faith or not.

The facts are as follows: Goffstown route, in N. H., received 25 cents per can at the car last winter. The agreement above mentioned was "that all contractors should pay 2 cents more per can, at the time where it is bought, than they did last winter," and that they should at all times carry 1-10 of their cans as surplus at the same price. There were other matters decided, but these are all that enter into the present case.

Messrs. Crosby, Page & Gove sent out word that they would pay 26 cents per can on the Goffstown route. This being one cent below the amount agreed upon, the producers at once refused to sell their milk, and this induced the contractors to modify their proposal as to 26 cents and agree to pay 27 cents for half the time, claiming that the basis, on which the 2 cents advance was to be made, was their offer of 24 cents last winter, and not the 25 cents which the producers compelled them to pay at the time, which they considered a higher price than other contractors were paying at an equal distance from Boston.

The producers refused to accept the modified offer, and their car went empty, or nearly so, to Boston.

At this juncture the Milk Producers' Union was called upon for advice and assistance, and it was found that it was ready to act, if necessary, after careful examination of the case. The secretary found the facts to be as stated above, and proposed arbitration as a means of settling the question; and Messrs. C. P. & G. consented to an interview with a committee of the producers to be followed by arbitration if no agreement could be reached.

A conference ensued between the parties at which the Secretary of the Union was present not as a referee but only as a mediator. Both parties held to their usual estimates and decisions, but as each recognized the matter as coming within the purview of a committee agreed upon at the conference between the producers and contractors Sept. 20th who are to report on the question of prices as effected by distance, the following result was arrived at: viz:

Messrs. Crosby Page & Gove offer to comply with all conditions on the cards previously issued by them and also with the ten per cent. clause in reference to surplus milk, and to pay the amount claimed by the producers, (viz 27 cents per can), until Jan. 1st, 1889. For the remaining three months, the report of the committee on "prices as governed by distance" (agreed upon Sept. 25, between the Union and the contractors) shall determine the basis upon which the 2 cts. advance shall be reckoned.

In case said committee shall not fully decide, we will submit to arbitration. This agreement was signed by both parties, and witnessed by Yours truly, A. H. FITCH, Secretary N. E. M. P. U., Hopkinton, Oct. 29, 1888.

CO-OPERATION IN CREAMERIES.

We wish to call the attention of New England creameries to the association which has been organized for the purpose of promoting the interests of creameries by co-operation in various ways connected with their business. It seems to us very important for the success of this interest that as many creameries as possible should join the association, and we heartily wish it success. We print below the articles of association and list of officers. The officers are men of well-known ability.

Articles of Association.

Article I.—The name of this organization shall be, The New England Creameries Association.

Article II.—Any creamery or butter factory may become a member of this Association and be entitled to all its benefits by subscribing, through its proper representative, to these articles, and by the annual payment of five dollars. Every creamery belonging to the Association shall be entitled to one vote at meetings where represented.

Article III.—The officers of the Association shall consist of a president, one vice-president from each of the New England States, a secretary, and a treasurer.

Article IV.—The officers of the Association shall perform the duties which usually pertain to the positions they hold.

Article V.—The treasurer shall have the custody of all moneys belonging to the Association and authority to pay out the same upon orders signed by the president and secretary, and to make an annual report, in detail, to the Association.

Article VI.—The president, vice-presidents, secretary, and treasurer shall constitute the Executive Board of the Association.

Article VII.—The officers of the Association shall be elected at the annual meeting, and shall hold office for one year or until their successors are chosen.

Article VIII.—The regular annual meeting of the Association shall be held at such time and place as the Executive Board shall designate.

Article IX.—The Executive Board shall have power to call special meetings of the Association, whenever and wherever its interests demand, but the objects of such meetings shall be specified in the calls, and no other business shall be transacted thereat.

Executive Board.

President.—Chas. H. Waterhouse, Short Falls, N. H. Vice-Presidents.—Z. A. Gilbert, Augusta, Me.; Prof. G. H. Whitaker, Hanover, N. H.; G. T. Apelin, East Putney, Vt.; Chas. Parsons, Conway, Mass.; A. M. Bancroft, Melrose, Conn.; Thos. G. Hazard, Narragansett Pier, R. I. Secretary-Treasurer.—James Cheesman, Boston, Mass.

Secretaries of state agricultural societies, and state boards of agriculture, are urged to give greater prominence to dairy matters in their lectures and public discussions; and to co-operate, assist, and in every possible way to further the interests of New England creameries.

To render our work effective and complete, it is indispensable that every creamery should join our ranks. Only creameries are eligible for membership. The annual subscription is \$5.00.

IRRIGATION OF PUBLIC LANDS.

As many of our readers are probably aware Congress has made an appropriation of \$100,000 for the survey of the dry lands of the western plains with a view to irrigation, the Live Stock Journal reports as follows on what is being done in this direction:

About the busiest place in the city is the geological survey. Maj. J. W. Powell and his staff of scientific men are engaged day and night in the solution of the problem presented by congress in the new act for the survey of the arid lands, with a view to irrigation. The barren lands of the great basin between the Rocky Mountains and central Kansas comprise 1,300,000 square miles, or one-third of the United States. A good deal of this can not be economically irrigated for various reasons, but it has been decided by Maj. Powell that a quarter of it, and perhaps more, can be, and that it is practicable to make it so attractive to settlers that it will bear luxuriant crops and a dense population.

If one-fourth were irrigated it would make the other three-fourths valuable as auxiliary timber and pasture lands. Congress has appropriated \$100,000 to begin the investigation, promising through its appropriation committee that at least as much more shall be appropriated to the work at the next session. Regarding this vast undertaking, Maj. Powell said to a correspondent:

"I may say we have begun to begin. It is a stupendous project, involving a territory as large as Europe, which supports a population of 250,000,000. I see no reason why the land now infertile may not ultimately be brought sufficiently into subjection to be desirable for farms, and enough of it rendered arable by irrigation to support as many as are likely to seek homes upon it. I have established two new divisions of the bureau—topographic and hydraulic—and placed the first in charge of Prof. A. H. Thompson, and the second under Capt. Clarence F. Dutton, who made such an exhaustive study of the Charleston earthquake. The selection of sites for reservoirs, canals, etc., rests upon a complete topographical survey, which is the first factor in the problem. Nothing worth while can be done till that is at least approximately made. A large part of the arid region has been thus surveyed.

We are now equipping thirteen parties for this special work in the field. Of course the amount of irrigable land in the west is limited by the amount of flowing water in the streams, and the next thing to be done is to find out how much water the streams carry. Every stream will have to be gauged. We must also ascertain how much land each stream will serve, and this will vary according to the texture of the soil, the character of the crops, the aridity of the climate, methods of irrigation used, and a multitude of other considerations.

"This all requires rain-fall observations, and patient researches in many directions. These must be entered upon at once on a comprehensive scale. Having ascertained the topography of the country and the amount of available water in the streams, the experts will proceed to select sites for reservoirs and canals, and to mark them with withdrawal from entry. It is contemplated by congress that the people shall build the reservoirs, dig the canals, and perform the actual work of irrigation after having obtained the information which is indispensable, and which the government alone can obtain for them."

Garden Notes.

—It is not too late to transplant pansies primulas and the like to the cold frame, they will flower early in the spring.

—Give attention to smoking the greenhouses before the lice begin to multiply, an ounce of prevention here is worth several pounds of cure.

—Now is a good time to manure small fruits, asparagus and rhubarb; use manure that has been heated and worked over so as to destroy seeds of weeds.

—Watering at this time of year should be done in the greenhouse and hot bed only when the soil is dry, and is best done on the morning of a bright day when the leaves of plants will soon dry off after watering; there is danger in watering in dark weather that the foliage may decay or "damp off" as the gardeners phrase it.

—Lettuce and radish seed may be sown at any time now upon a gentle heat in the hot bed or in the greenhouse where the night temperature is 40 deg. to 50 deg. The French breakfast radish is the best variety, and will come to the table in six or eight weeks; the white seed turnip is the best variety of lettuce grown under glass, and will require about three months from seed to grow good heads at this time of year.

Agricultural Notes.

—Deer are very plenty in the woods of Maine this year, but shooting them has been poor sport on account of the weather, which has been either rainy or snowy most of the time for the past month.

—Twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand carcasses of Australian frozen mutton arrive each week at London. It sells at 10 cents to 11 cents per pound, while Scotch mutton sells at about 16 cents per pound.

We have received from the United States Department of Agriculture Volume I, No. 4, of Insect Life, containing descriptions and remedies for the parasitic worm; notes on a similitude, common at Ithaca, N. Y.; a ladybird parasite; the Purslane caterpillar; spider parasite; the Hessian fly, and correspondence on various insects.

The breeding of heavy draft horses at the west is one of the most profitable and steadily growing branches of farm industry. Good draft horses of 1200 to 1400 lbs. weight always command a good price in any of our cities, and the breeding of them is a sure thing. The Percheron and Clydesdale are the most popular breeds for this purpose, and their grades make uniformly fine animals. The Percheron is rather the more popular breed on account of having less hair upon the legs and mane. Too much hair is an inconvenience.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
BOSTON, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.
Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent, as well as the new direction.

GARD.
To the Members of the New England Agricultural Society.

Arrangements have been perfected by which the headquarters of the New England Agricultural Society will be retained at the Ploughman Building No. 45 Milk Street, Boston, as heretofore.

Persons having business with the Society will find some one always in attendance at the Ploughman rooms, during business hours.

DANIEL NEEDHAM.
Sec'y New Eng. Ag. Soc'y.
Boston, Nov. 1st. 1888.

TO READERS.
The Ploughman Offer to New and Old Subscribers.

To all who will send us two dollars we will send the MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN one year, and a "Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," by Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co.

For \$2.75 we will send the MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN one year, and the Model Encyclopedia, The Model Book of Natural History, and The Model History of the United States. This offer stands good until January 1, 1889.

THE MARRIAGE OF MISS PHELPS.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the gifted daughter of Prof. Burton Phelps and Elizabeth Stuart, who forty-four years ago began life in the Old Bay State, has married Rev. Herbert D. Ward of New York, a young clergyman, who is very fond of the sea and a decided athlete in figure. Miss Phelps won for herself the widest reputation by her book entitled "Gates Ajar" which reached its twentieth edition within a year. She proved herself a person of rare sympathy, intelligence and fearlessness and all her other books of which there were many, among them the "Story of Aris" and "Hedged In," were much admired and very popular.

In her early life she was betrothed to a young man, who gave his life for his country and ever since she has held his memory sacred. She made the "Old Maid's Paradise" so attractive to the many who read it, that none thought she could find another brighter, but all join in the hope that wedded bliss may be to her far in excess of the single happiness, she so brightly pictured.

PARIS AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITS.

Extended reference was recently made in these columns, to the International Exposition to be held at Paris next summer but special attention is now called by the Commissioner of Agriculture, Hon. Norman J. Coleman, to the agricultural exhibition it is desirable to make at this time. It is proven by statistics that four-fifths of the exports of the United States are agricultural and hence the importance of this exhibit is evident. It can only be made a worthy exhibit by the cordial, earnest co-operation of each individual. To this end suitable specimens of the agricultural productions of the several states and territories are to be collected by special agents appointed for this purpose.

Printed statements, diagrams, pictures and other illustrative matter concerning agricultural schools, experiment stations and other like institutions are desired.

Massachusetts should be worthy represented in this exposition and her farmers will make it a matter of individual interest and pride.

REMEMBER THE ANNIVERSARIES.

As people, we pay far too little attention to birthdays and other family anniversaries. Too much cannot be done to make home attractive, so that our boys and girls will prefer it to all other places.

"This has been the nicest day I ever knew," said a boy to his mother one evening. "The birds have all been singing, and the sun has shone every minute, and everything has been so lovely, just for your birthday, mamma, and I'm so glad," and he emphasized his gladness with a hearty hug and kiss. For weeks the boy had been looking forward to this day, planning and making a little birthday gift as a surprise, and when the time came, his whole mind was given to making it a mother happy.

"But it's so much trouble to celebrate birthdays," complain some mothers, "and in large families they come so often."

Yes, it is some trouble; but how can we keep our children contented and happy at home without taking trouble? And no mother regrets the trouble when she sees her children regarding their home as the very best place in the whole world. Try to celebrate the birthdays one year, and see if it does not "pay" in the enjoyment of the whole family. Let no one be forgotten, from father to baby, and try to have each one interested in all the others, planning, if possible, some little birthday gift. No matter how simple or trifling it may be, the love and thoughtfulness which go with it will make it precious.—American Agriculturist.

FORKS A MODERN INVENTION.

It is difficult to realize what a modern invention the table fork is. Queen Elizabeth never heard of one. She had, it is true, a few dainty forks, perchance with crystal handles, for eating preserved fruit at desert. But long after the time dinner forks were unknown in England. The very earliest now to be found belong to this same nobleman whose hour glass has been already spoken of, and these are not older than the middle of the reign of Charles II. The few early forks of the reign of George I. are three pronged, and but few of our neighbors can show us four pronged forks much before the reign of George III. from which time their fashion has remained unaltered to the present day, except for their handles, which have followed the fashions of spoons, finishing up with the familiar "fiddle pattern" of the Nineteenth century use.

Before the days of forks the ewer and basin, which have now generally disappeared, were

much in request after every course; whereas now the basin-alone, with a little rose water, makes its appearance at civic feasts after dinner, as a matter of fashion rather than necessity. Four out of five fine old basins have no doubt been melted up to supply the very forks whose invention rendered the washing of the fingers superfluous.—Murray's Magazine.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

Miss Rosie Bauer of West Philadelphia, is charged with a most horrible crime. It is stated that she had proved so annoying to her landlord, that he was forced to order her from the house. On the day when she was moving her goods out, a little daughter of Mr. Rollins, the landlord, returned from school and passed the lodger's door on her way to the chambers where she had work to do.

As Sallie, the little girl passed, a small dog belonging to Miss Bauer ran out after her. Sallie kicked at the animal, which according to the account, angered Miss Bauer, and she applied a lighted match to the child's dress. Before Sallie could reach the top of the third story her skirts were blazing, and her own attempts to extinguish the flames were wholly unavailing. An old woman who lived in the house came to her rescue and threw a bucket of cold water over her extinguishing the flames, but not until the clothing was entirely burned from her body. Miss Bauer was arrested at once. The parents fear that the little girl who suffers sadly and is much of the time delirious, will die. If the charge is true, it is a most terrible revenge, and fearfully illustrates the danger of retaliation and the old proverb, "Two wrongs never make one right."

A WILY SOAP-MAN.

The people of West Rutland, Vermont, had more soap than they wanted last week. It came about in this wise. A pedler passed through the town, leaving a box of soap at each house, and an extra cake of the same, and the lady of the house was invited to use the soap, she was told to return it to the pedler when he should call again. The next day the soap-man returned and made inquiries regarding his soap. When the box was returned to him he would open it in the presence of the lady. One or two cakes of soap would be missing, and all protestations of the housekeeper that the box had not been opened and the contents untouched were unavailing. The man asserted that the missing cakes had been used and demanded pay therefor. The first refusal to pay for that which had not been consumed would be met with gruff language, and the result usually was that the lady was so frightened as to pay for the soap she had never had.

The soap was left without leave or license, and the people are naturally indignant. A statement of the case may prevent others from being swindled.

HOW TO CATCH FISH.

When the fishery excitement was at its highest about ten years ago, Charles A. Dyer, who has extensive fishing interests, gave as his opinion that Americans might secure all the bait necessary for themselves. He suggested that a series of "traps" be constructed along the Maine coastline and bait taken there.

Later, Mr. Dyer put up such a trap as he was in favor of constructing along the coastline at Richmond Island. He hoped thereby to supply Maine and Massachusetts fishermen with bait at the mouth of Portland harbor, making it unnecessary to go to Eastport and then he trusted to have a more constant supply of fish for his packing factory. The "trap" has been very successful. He has supplied the Portland fleet with all the bait they needed and has received many herring at his factory. On last Saturday, eighty barrels of herring were sent up from his trap. The trap cost him \$2,500, and he is well satisfied with his investment.

He proposes that a line of these traps be established along our coast by congress, thus making a supply of bait certain and cheap.

In a recent conversation with a Boston Herald reporter, Mr. Dyer said:

"Here's the general plan and the best plan: The stakes to which the cords are attached are in my trap at Richmond island, about fourteen feet apart and have to be driven in with a pile driver. I drove them in about five feet. The 'trap' is a big enclosure of netting held up by these stakes, and heart-shaped, with an opening at the top of the heart. Another and smaller heart-shaped enclosure opens out from the main enclosure. The small enclosure I call the 'bowl.' The reverse points at the two openings keep the fish, when once in, from finding their way out again. A long line of netting placed across the channel at right angles to the opening leads the fish into the trap. The leader has to be pretty long. Mine is about 300 yards long. The leader does what the name implies; it leads the fish into the first enclosure or heart, from which they pass into the bowl. Once there, they simply swim round and round, and are prevented from escaping by the peculiar formation of the points. From this bowl they are taken by boats pulled for that purpose. A fish which once encounters the leader, goes it can't get back into the heart, but will pass into the bowl, from which there will be no escape. Nothing can be more simple, and yet it would be easy to make one capable of taking 14,000 barrels or more at once. The boats draw up the netting, as they call it, and scoop up the fish. The wraps and cord are attached to the stakes, and the trap is secured by small anchors to make it absolutely all right, and to make the stakes more steady. It seems to me the government ought to undertake the work, which otherwise might not be done for years to come. A trap led by Cod Lodge would accommodate Gloucester schooners as well, if not better, than any other point in this section. All told, there would have to be, or at any rate there ought to be, five of these traps put in. One should be at Deer Isle and another at Eastport. The proper points could be fixed by consultation with the owners and skippers. I am simply giving an outline of the plan. I think not over a \$25,000 appropriation would be called for."

It would appear from this that Yankee ingenuity might yet solve the vexed fishery question and inventive skill make all recourse to arms unnecessary. As a hint at a peaceful settlement of the vexed question, the suggestion certainly deserves careful consideration.

THE TEXAN HERMIT.

Dr. J. J. Bayard has found for himself "A lodge in some vast wilderness" and far away from the rushing world, where no rumors of oppression, deceit, struggle or conquest can reach him, he awaits the end with calm resignation.

Many years ago his life, to whom he was devotedly attached, left him and went away

with the local preacher. He left the world then, and built himself a little hut about thirty miles northwest of San Antonio, Texas. There he lives and there he expects to meet the grim messenger. He has dug a tomb for himself in the solid limestone. It is ten feet deep and represents four years arduous toil. On the west side of his hut is a little circular opening, perhaps a foot in diameter, covered with glass. The hermit sits here day after day looking out upon his grave, keeping constant watch for the death-messenger. He has no companion, he wishes none, and is tranquilly content to await alone.

THIRTEEN VESSELS ICE-BOUND.

Thirteen whaling vessels are perhaps hopelessly locked in the ice of the Arctic ocean. When the whaling barque J. A. Howland arrived in San Francisco October 28, she reported that the whalers Andrew Hicks, William Bayless, Lancer, Sea Breeze, Ohio, Rosario, Reindeer, Eliza, Massachusetts, Hunter, J. P. West, Hidalgo and Ocean were fast in the ice.

Although two whaling vessels have gone to their assistance the Howland did not think it would be possible to reach them before the vessels were broken up. The barque Lucretia brought news of the peril in which the vessels were to the whaler's crew. The master of that vessel said that on September 27 when he left the ice the others were permanently ice-bound about twenty miles from Herald Island, and near the place where the Janette was first tied up. As many as five hundred men are on the vessels, and unless they are soon released they must perish, as their provisions can last but a short time.

A DECIDED DILEMMA.

Two young women named Hogan, who are employed in one of the Fall River mills were summoned to appear as witnesses in the district court, October 24, as reported by a daily paper.

It is required to ask leave of absence. They went to the overseer, accordingly, and asked leave to attend court. He not only refused their permission, but also stated that if they went without his consent they should be discharged. This was a decidedly unpleasant state of affairs, and when they informed the officers at the South Station the condition of affairs they were told that if they failed to attend court voluntarily they would be brought thither by a officer.

The girls were decidedly puzzled how to act under the circumstances, and finally decided to go to court. In the morning they appeared at the mill again ready to go to work but the overseer proved that he meant what he said and promptly discharged them.

ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A serious railroad accident occurred on the Northern Pacific Railroad, Oct. 28.

The Portland fast express, west-bound, was running at about forty miles an hour to make up lost time, when it ran into an open switch, near the east end of the bridge over Crow Wing River. The engine broke loose from the tender, and the tender, mail car, and two baggage cars were hurled over the embankment into the river. A worse fate awaited the engine. It crossed the bridge on the ties, but at the west end it left them, and tumbled over and over, and finally buried itself half-way in the embankment, killing the fireman, Alexander Brown, and seriously, if not fatally, injuring Engineer Smart.

Presumably Clinton Mayne of Company K, Third Regiment, who was riding on the front end of the mail car, was fatally injured, while the railway clerks were badly bruised. None of the other cars entirely left the track, so the passengers were badly shaken up, but not seriously injured.

REPRESENTATIVE JOURNALS.

Indispensable to every business man as the Boston Daily Advertiser has always been, under its new management it has greatly improved. Its ship news and market reports are always reliable, its editorial brains and to the point, and its news department carefully edited. A new feature has been recently introduced, that of manufacturing news, which is well kept up, and is gaining the favor and patronage of the manufacturers throughout New England.

The Evening Record, published by the same company, has gained a reputation for its brightness, pithiness, and general readability. It is always to be found on the right side, against corruption and fraud, which it mercilessly exposes. For some time past it has been its custom to publish interesting serial stories, and on Nov. 3 begins another by Bret Harte, "Cressey," which from the prospectus given, promises to be one of Bret Harte's best.

Literary Notes.

—THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November maintains its high standard of excellence. Arthur Sherburne Hardy contributes chapters eighth and ninth of *Passe Rose*. "The Despot of Broadside Cove" by Charles Egbert Cresswell, is continued. Among the other contributions which are all interesting and instructive, are "A November Chronicle" by Bradford Torrey, "Studies of Factory Life," by Black-Listing at Fall River," by Little B. Chase Wyman, "Economy in College Work" by John Townbridge, and "The Eve of Independence" by John Pike. Single Numbers, 35 cents. Yearly Subscription, \$4.00.

THE FOLIO for November, White, Smith & Co., Boston, has its usual variety of vocal and instrumental music, combined with a great number of articles in prose and verse. Its frontispiece is a graphic likeness of Nikita.

KING'S HANDBOOK of Boston Harbor, by M. F. Sweetser, which has reached its third edition, is just published for 1888. It contains 200 original illustrations, and over 300 pages of matter descriptive of Boston Harbor. It is written so interestingly, as to be far more than a guide book to those desiring to visit Boston Harbor. It also furnishes entertaining reading for those who may never be able to see the harbor, enabling each to visit it mentally, and form a very good idea of what Boston Harbor is.

THE NEXT issue of the Youth's Companion will contain the article, written expressly for that periodical by Mr. Gladstone, on "The Future of the English-Speaking Races." The extraordinary versatility of the great statesman receives a new proof in this contribution, which though it deals with the subject in a philosophical spirit, is so simple and clear in style that even young readers can understand and enjoy it.

—A Boston lady picked a fine, large bunch of nasturtiums and mignonette in the open air at the Torpedo station, Newport, Oct. 29. They were as lovely as in the summer season, and yet had been protected from the frost.

THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACES.

By Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, in Youth's Companion. In the freshness of the early morning, one who views it can hardly help considering a little what will be the character of the coming day. Even so it is the destiny, not to say the duty and delight, of youth, at least in select cases, to forecast, vaguely perhaps, but fondly, the experiences of the developed life which is to follow. Nor is it long before, in the shape of political sympathies or otherwise, the scope of youthful views is so enlarged as to include the future of the community together with that of the individual.

If we are here to distinguish among the races which people the world, it is within the limits of what is conveniently termed the Anglo-Saxon race, that this widened outlook ought to be most familiar. For it is pre-eminently the Anglo-Saxon race, for which the future promises in many things to rival or outstrip the past.

And if, again, we are to distinguish among the several communities comprised within the large circuit of this race, it is in the United States of America that the young mind should be most willing and most apt thus to ask questions of the unfolding years. For this is the community which, most rapidly of all communities that have been known to historic times (if I may borrow a metaphor from boyhood), outgrows its clothes.

Here are summed up, on the largest scale, and in the most salient forms, the characteristics of the New World. Here is most fully and fairly delivered the challenge of the New World to the Old World. The Old World, which changes slowly, is challenged and put upon its trial by the New, which opens, as nature opens in a Russian spring; and which, in throwing down the glove, thinks something of what it is, but more of what it is to be.

The New, no less than the lineage and the region, tempt, and almost compel us, both in and beyond America, to peer into the future. For surely the hand of the Almighty has written upon the walls of our habitation letters of promise and of peril not less visible than that terrible handwriting of doom, which once afflicted the eyes of Belshazzar, nor so much demanding the aid of a skilled interpreter.

If the world and the human race are governed by design, then there are abundant marks that this our time, and the times consequent upon it, have been and are allotted to a special and large unfolding of that Design, with all its powers and interests, the duties and responsibilities it involves. Of these marks I will point out only four, and will mention them within the compass of lines scarcely more numerous.

First, the enormous increase of material power, available for all the exterior uses of life; as well as the long since begun computation that in Great Britain alone, the force of machinery was equal (as it must now be more or less equal) to the corporal power of the whole human race.

Secondly, the augmented means and accelerated speed of communication in its various forms.

Thirdly, the fast increase, and more solid basis of the knowledge of nature, in almost every province of her mighty realm.

Fourthly, that enlargement of the times of peace, and contraction of the times of war, throughout the civilized world, which has during the present century appeared, notwithstanding some very sinister accompaniments, to be gradually hardening into a normal fact of the modern life, and greatly to enlarge the industrial capacity and career of man.

If I have chosen to put forward four particulars which relate principally to the growth of material energies and results, it is because, as well as the basis of the material period, lies in material extension, and not because there is any lack, at the present time, of moral or mental agencies in active play. It would have been easy to point to the power, or rather the diverse powers, of the Press; the power of Association; the power of the missionary; the extension of Government by representation; the raised status of women; the growth of international law, which is a voice of civilized man at large, and which goes to control the action of each, particular state by the settled judgment of the whole. But I resume the thread of my observations.

All these things disclose a purpose. That purpose lies in the future. And in that future America has a concern, measurable on a scale certainly colossal, and as compared with the magnitude disclosed to us by former centuries, almost superhuman. But we too, the British Isles, the mother of the United States in the natural order, and their sister in our great Dependencies, have a share perhaps more united, but perhaps more diversified, in the vast common inheritance, and in this new chapter of human destiny.

• • • An augmentation from sixty millions at the present date to five hundred and fifty millions at a date one hundred years hence, is a multiplication ninetyfold within that period. This multiplication sounds sufficiently startling. But then it is an estimate founded on references to the past, which, if not mathematically determinate, are liable to error only within very narrow limits.

• • • In all likelihood, amounting nearly, though not quite, to moral certainty, the numbers of the English-speaking races, will, at the period in question, be enormously in excess of those associated with any other European or Old World language, and perhaps very considerably in excess of them all when put together.

• • • Under the conditions of modern communication, this vast increase of the English-speaking races will draw them more closely together; will augment their stock of common interests and feelings; will render them, in each collective age, each territory or country, less egotistical; and will evolve and consolidate, throughout the mass, a stronger sense of moral oneness.

Of political relations I do not presume to speak. Some may be of opinion that, if the United States hold as they are likely to hold, their political unity, a state of such vast dimensions, with wealth in all likelihood more than proportionate, will be menacing or even perilous to the European world.

I do not share these fears. London, with its four millions of people, is far better governed, far more under control, than when it had but one-fourth of its present population. I for one so sanguine to believe that, long before it has six or eight millions, it will have acquired, and will be in the familiar use, of the inestimable privileges of local self-government at present wanting to it, and will be governed a great deal better still.

Government, in I believe, more highly organized now in the United States, than when they had one-tenth of their present population. Happily for mankind, the period of large territorial conquests seems to be drawing to a close, and the available surface of the planet is limited so as to forbid an extensive revival.

The internal difficulties of the States, as we all hope, have vanished. The causes of civil war have been removed. The powers, which were mainly with ourselves, have been, one by one, in course of removal, so as to justify the belief that occasions of offence can only be furnished hereafter by a spirit of wanton provocation such as would lie beyond all the ordinary limits of human folly.

Even so it is that, according to my judgment and experience, there is an approximation actually at work between Englishmen and Americans. They are being drawn nearer and nearer to one another, not by any artificial contrivances, but with "the cords of a man."

Not in proof, but in illustration of this sentiment, I may refer to the increasing number of marriages between English and Americans, and the entirely genial character of their social results. All my life long, I have, in a wide and varied circle, seen and shared the intercourse between the two countries.

It is not the same as it was. It has been visibly softened, mellowed, ripened. An American stranger is to us more and more like a British stranger, and I hope that a British stranger is to them more and more like an American stranger. If there is a space between, it is a very narrow space. The great idea of common inheritance, and to a large extent of common prospects, more and more regulates our relations, and makes easy and familiar the conditions of mutual approach. If not the actual sense, yet something like the actual sense, of a common country, is growing up afresh, and the elements of a new moral unity are gradually both multiplied, and shaped into familiar use.

There can hardly fail to grow up in the hands of this portion of mankind, a species of hegemony, hard at this time to describe, but subtle and refined in its essence, thoroughly natural and normal in its origin, and dependent wholly on free acknowledgment for its reception.

Our tongue, with all that belongs to it, will be the one most fully represented at every point on the surface of the globe. It will reach almost to every human being, even if only by the use of the pen. It will be the progressive material development. It must outnumber in each country the visitors of any other country. They must exceed all others in such influences as they receive in common, and in such as they impart in common to those who travel from within the respective precincts of the other great and famous tongues. A common moral and social stock will accumulate among them within the circuit of the English speech, far larger than any other in the world. It will be a stock which, if it does not become, in a marked degree, the leaders of opinion, and through opinion, of practice.

AN OLD VETERAN GONE.

Newburyport has lost one of its oldest citizens in the death of Capt. Samuel Brookings, Oct. 27, and the G. A. R. one of its oldest members.

Captain Brookings would soon have attained his eighty-sixth birthday. He was naturally a military man, and loved nothing better than army service. He was a fisherman in his youth and at the age of twenty-one was master of a fishing vessel. He was the father of six stalwart sons and three daughters.

At the time of the breaking out of the civil war, he was thirteen years past the military age, and yet he was one of the first to enlist in Company A, 19th Massachusetts regiment. He swore he was forty-five years old, which could not be disputed, as he was born Aug. 5, 1813, and was mustered Aug. 30, 1861. His enlistment was for three years. He had his first opportunity to prove his gallantry and courage at the battle of Ball's Bluff. He was discharged for disabilities in 1862, and sent home. Meanwhile, two of his sons had enlisted in the forty-fifth regiment, and the fact that he was nearing his birthday did not affect his desire to go with his boys so swearing that he was forty-four years old, and having quite recovered from his illness he was accepted. His good soldierly was admitted. He was in the Louisiana campaign, the engagement at Pleasanton, the assault on Port Hudson, and the battle at Donaldsonville.

When his time expired in September, 1863, he was honorably discharged. When General Banks' retreat from Shenandoah Valley alarmed the country and an instant call was made for more men, he promptly tendered his services.

Again he tried to enlist in the thirty-second Massachusetts. He passed the examination physically with success, but the recruiting officer had some doubt about his age and inquired if he was willing to swear that he was not more than forty-five years old. Capt. Brookings replied: "No, I will not. I will only swear that I am forty-five; that I know the duties of a soldier, and am ready to enlist to defend my country." He was told that this would not do, and went sorrowfully away. This ended his military career.

Soon after its establishment he joined the A. W. Bartlett Grand Army Post, and had the honor of being, with a single exception, the oldest member in the country. The exception is William Field, who was born in 1800 and is a member of Post 60, G. A. R., of Franklin, Mass. A brave, true man is mourned by those who knew the worthy veteran now nestled out of service.

MARRIAGES.

HOBBES-DONNE.—In this city, Oct. 22, by Rev. David H. Kim, D.D. Hobbis to Elizabeth B. Donne, both of Boston.

CARTER-AVERILLE.—In this city, Oct. 29, by Rev. A. McKenney, Aikins W. Carter to Nellie A. Averille.

WILLIAMS-HUGHES.—In this city, Oct. 25, by Dr. Henry William T. Williams to Miss Grace E. Hughes, both of Boston.

DOE-HOWARD.—In Fairhaven, Oct. 25, by Rev. W. F. Davis, H. Albert Doe to Miss Nellie E. Howard, both of Fairhaven.

JOHNSON-JOHANSEN.—In Chelsea, Oct. 26, by Rev. David H. Kim, Peter Johnson to Matilda Johansen, both of Boston.

PORTER-HOPKINS.—In Marblehead, in the Universalist Church, Oct. 25, at 8 P. M., by Rev. J. C. Cutler, Rev. Vernon Porter of Swampscott and Mary Annie Hopkins of Marblehead.

CHAMBERLAIN-PRINCE.—In Winchester, Oct. 22, by Rev. J. C. Chamberlaine of East Boston, assisted by Rev. J. W. Sutee of Winchester, Charles E. Chamberlaine of East Boston to Katherine B. Prince of Winchester.

PRIOR-AMES.—In Woburn, Oct. 22, by Rev. W. R. Tidale of Woburn, William A. Prior of Troy, N. Y., to Miss Anne M. Ames of Woburn.

WILBER-FAVOR.—In Charlestown, Oct. 18, by Rev. C. F. Lee, Mr. Albert L. Wilber of Kansas City, Mo., to Miss Annie F. Favor of Charlestown.

DEATHS.

BRAMAN.—In this city, Oct. 26, Jarvis Dwight Braman, 63 yrs.

HAYLIN.—In this city, Oct. 26, Daniel Haylin, 63 yrs.

CLAPP.—In Dorchester, Oct. 26, Joseph H. Clapp, 73 yrs. 7 mos. 23 ds.

GOODRICH.—In Cambridge, Oct. 28, suddenly, John D. Goodrich, 67 yrs. 4 mos.

HOWARD.—In Roxbury, Oct. 28, Alice Webster Howard, wife of the late William Howard, formerly of Charlestown, 77 yrs. 3 mos.

HOVE.—In Cambridge, Oct. 27, Elizabeth, wife of Otis Howe, 53 yrs.

SIMONDS.—In Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 28, Joseph H. Simonds, son of the late Alvan Simonds of South Boston.

MANISSE.—At Melrose, N. Y., Oct. 28, William E. Manisse, 77 yrs, formerly of West Somerville, Mass.

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Gentlemen will please bear this fact in mind and not fail to examine them before purchasing a winter outfit, as it is an opportunity that is seldom offered to secure a business or traveling suit of this character at the phenomenal price of

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Everywhere to employ a reliable person in your county to look up advertisements and news cards in towns and counties in all parts of the

OUR HOMES.

THE CROWDED STREET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the fitting figures come!
The wild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace!

They pass to toll, to strive, to rest,
To hails in which the feast is spread;
To hammers where the funeral gong
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some who walk in calmness here,
Shall shoulder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
His flower, his light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye,
Goes forth to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, lower they now?
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who woe in thrice of mortal pain?

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other none;
There is who needs, who holds them all,
In his large love and boundless thought.

The struggling lives of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are echoes of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

AUNT PRISCY'S TRAMP.

BY S. E. BOGGS.

A crisp breeze crinkled the water of the cove with shimmering wavelets, toyed with the lush grasses growing along the beach, then swept on toward the bay-scented upland, where the keen-edged blades of the swinging scythes flashed in the bright sunshine.

The indolent wash of the ebbing tide, an occasional bird note, the humming of industrious bees, and the rhythmic thud, thud of the churn-paddles in the kitchen, where Aunt Priscy was patiently waiting for her butter to "gather," were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the summer day.

Tall, angular, and grim, with a complexion that resembled the hue and texture of parchment, and plainly told of its familiar acquaintance with winter gales and summer sunshine; with sparse gray hair, so tightly drawn back into the tiny knot at the nape of her neck, that the huge wen-like protuberance, which very materially augmented her hump of benevolence, was made to appear twice its actual size—this was the picture of patient, and plodding Aunt Priscy Hopkins, spinster.

There she sat; and the skirt of her faded muslin gown folded carefully about her knees, to escape the drops spattering from beneath the churn-lid, her lean body, away back and forth with every revolution of the paddles.

Now and then her keen blue eyes would glance sharply across the cove, out over the bay, to the offing, where a white speck might be seen against the flurking fog-bank. To the unskilled eye, it was merely a distant sail, with nothing; but to it indicated its coherence to the lowly cottage on the shore of the cove, and the grim-visaged woman beside the churn; but to Aunt Priscy's discerning gaze, the white speck, outlined against the fog, was her brother's flock; and her knowledge of the wind and tide told her that if the breeze should hold for another hour, the captain of the "Ella Eudora" would arrive with the flood. With renewed energy, therefore, she bent to her task, and when the sloop's trim prow cut through the water of the cove, no traces of "churning day" were to be seen in the tidy kitchen, and its mistress was waiting on the door-step to greet the returned fisherman.

"Got many?" she called briefly, shading her eyes with a hand as brownland brawny as her brother's own.

"More'n a berrillful," came the reply, as the sail, with a whirling sound, sank with heavy folds over the boom.

"That's a right smart lot to dress 'fore dark," observed Aunt Priscy, joining her brother, whose dory at that moment ran up on the shingle.

"Yes, 't be, Melvin. Puse 'lowed as he'd lead a hand if he got through hayin' by supper time."

"Melvin's good at promisin'," rejoined the spinster, critically surveying the mackerel in the dory. "An' he's hayin' better at furrin' it."

"Guess he'll keep his promise this time," said the fisherman. "He wants I should kerriy 'Fishey over 't the Harbor in the mornin'—she's goin' to hev a tooth hauled out."

"What's got the matter with Mel's bot' that he can't kerriy 'Fishey over 't the Harbor himself? I want to know," sharply demanded the spinster.

Her brother's pale blue eyes twinkled knowingly; he was aware of her weakness; an uncontrollable jealousy of any woman whom she might suspect of "settlin' her cap at brother Bijah," and as Felicia Pearce, a fair, designing neighbor, had been for years engaged in the nefarious practice of fascinating eligible bachelors and widowers, the mere mention of her name was enough to arouse Aunt Priscy's indignation. The twinkle underneath Bijah's shaggy brows broadened into a smile, as he replied in his good-natured drawl:

"Nawthin' haint the matter with Mel's bot'; don't guess he admires to hold a woman's head whilst the doctor's haulin' out her tooth—'tain't a very agreeable job neither," he concluded, stooping over the edge of the dory to fill a pail with fish, and to hide the broad grin on his face.

"Bijah Hopkins!" with mingled contempt and reproach, exclaimed his sister. "You ain't never goin' to be such a jet as to offer to hold that silly girl's head?"

"N-o—" scooping up another pailful of mackerel—"I ain't goin' to offer my services; but if I'm ast to hold a purty gal's head, don't guess I'll refuse,—besides, you wouldn't want I should refuse to do a good turn by a neighbor an' near friend like 'Fishey Puse."

"That triden 'husey aint no near friend of ours; an' I'd liefer be neighbors to them unconverted heathen 'Esquimuxes on Greenland's icy mountains!" hotly retorted Aunt Priscy, emptying, with a waste of energy, her pailful of mackerel into the tub she had brought from the fish-house.

"Sho now, Priscilla Hopkins—an' you a baptized, Christen woman!" remonstrated Bijah. "I allus thought you hed a kind of neighborly likin' fur 'Fishey. I'm sure she's a proper nice gal.—Wall,—liftin' the tub of fish, and starting with it toward the fish-house—" if you haint no friend of 'Fishey's, guess you don't want I should tell you about her 'n' Deacon Puggins goin' to git married—"

"Hey?" interrupted Priscilla, striding after him. "Here, you Bijah Hopkins, lem me help lug that hefty tub—Guess you want to conjoint that weak spine of your back agin, don't you?"

After a pause, she asked with affected concern, "What 'd you say about Deacon Puggins?"

"Him an' 'Fishey Puse's goin' to git married after hayin'," answered the wily fisherman.

Aunt Priscy drew a long breath when the heavy tub was deposited on the floor in the fish-house, and with relief expressed in every tone of her harsh voice, said: "Wall, I haint got nawthin' to say agin Deacon Puggins, but I guess he won't want the Lord should punish him fur his heretofore short-comin', onct he's married to 'Fishey Puse."

At this moment the figure of a stalwart youth darkened the doorway.

"Hello, Bijah! Hello, Aunt Priscy!" he saluted, entering and, without further ceremony, seating himself on an inverted tub. "Middlin' heavy haul," he observed, surveying the catch.

"Yes, 't be," assented the fisher. "I don't gen'ly go mackerelin' fur nawthin'! Goin' to give us a lift, be you?"

"Cerrin'; got done hayin' sooner 'n we 'spected.—Got a spare knife, Aunt Priscy? I left mine at home."

Aunt Priscy supplied his want, and he proceeded, with a business-like air, to turn back the wristbands of his blue flannel shirt.

"Hev you heard there was tromps on the island?" he asked, after he had got comfortably at work.

"Tromps?" repeated Aunt Priscy. "What be they?"

"Chaps that travel 'round the kentry doin' nawthin' fur a livin'," explained the youth, dexterously disemboweling a splendid fish, and tossing it into the barrel by his side.

"They stole some up to 'Squire Tetlow's' yist'day."

"Now, Melvin, aint that one of your whoppers?" smilingly interrogated Bijah.

"Guess 't ain't neither!" earnestly responded Melvin. "Two tromps stole a whol' week's bakin' of doughnuts, an' cookies, an' some money from Miss Tetlow's bewo drawer."

"Wall, I suffer!" ejaculated Bijah. "They was ridid'ous bold, thet's cerring. Guess we shell hev to git some bolts fur our doors, Priscy, or the tromps 'll be stealin' that butter-money of yours."

"Don't guess they'll neither!" with decision retorted the spinster. "I haint saved, an' scrimped for morn' two year to let a new cook-stove, an' a hen-pen, to let a pail of lazy tromps kerriy my money away."

"Don't callate they'd ast your leave," laughed Melvin. "They didn't ast Miss Tetlow if they might take her doughnuts, an' cookies, an' her money. They jes' walked into the kitchen, bold as Pompey, an' ast fur a drink of buttermilk, an' whilst Miss Tetlow was down to the spring house gettin' it, they up an' ransacked the house."

"Humph!" Aunt Priscy sniffed disdainfully—"Miss Tetlow haint got 't much spunk 's a pee weet, any how! If any tromp steals my money, he's got to lug Priscilla Hopkins 'long with it."

"Guess your money's middlin' safe then—ef them tromps haint took it a ready," said Bijah, with a significant wink at Melvin.

"I see a queer lookin' chap round here yest'day whilst you was blue-berrin'."

Muttering something about "time to get supper," Aunt Priscy started to her feet, and hurried from the fish-house. However, as she felt of her ability to defend her little brood, she could not help but doubt the security of her hiding-place for her treasure; the old, cracked sugar-bowl on the top shelf of the kitchen cupboard.

Before kindling the fire for supper, she mounted a chair, took down the sugar-bowl (whose age and quaint shape would have delighted the aesthetic soul of a collector of china) and drew a long breath of relief when she found the precious contents yet intact.

Yes, her treasure was all there—the half-dollars, quarters, and dimes it had taken so many months to accumulate.

Clasping the bowl to her breast, Aunt Priscy ascended the ladder, which led to the loft above the kitchen, where she evolved from an indistinct mass at one end, a huge, dandy box, and thrust the packet of silver underneath the antiquated headgear it contained.

"There!" in a satisfied tone she exclaimed, as she returned the band-box to its obscure corner; "guess it'll take a pow'ful smart tromp to find that silver. Nobody 'd ever think of lookin' fur nigh onto forty dollars in an old bonnet, thet I haven't worn fur more'n twenty year."

She went back to the kitchen, and soon a crackling noise in the stove announced that preparations for supper were under way.

"Great judgement!" suddenly, and in a voice of acute alarm, cried Aunt Priscy, in bending over the wood-box, her bare arm came in contact with the hot stovepipe and

made her aware of a danger that had threatened for a year, but had never before been dreamed of.

"Great judgement! this here peaky stove-pipe goes right straight up 'longsides of them clottier' old things in the loft, an' there haint nawthin' to prevent their ketchin' fire any minute."

In less time than it takes to record the fact, the sugar-bowl was brought back to the kitchen.

"Now, what shell I do with it?" in a perplexed tone muttered Aunt Priscy, standing in the middle of the floor, and looking searchingly about "Riches does give a body tribulations."

A bright thought occurred to her just then; her brow cleared.

"I'll jes' slip it into that old biler in the ulla," she said aloud. "Nobody wouldn't believe there was money in a old tin biler."

Again the sugar-bowl was secreted, this time in the rock cellar back of the kitchen, and preparations for the belated supper were resumed with an energy which promised to make up for the time lost.

The potatoes were almost ready for the pot when:

"My soul an' body!" ejaculated the spinster, springing from her chair, with a celerity that scattered the succulent tubers she was paring in all directions. "Ef I hedn't clean forget thet Bijah was goin' to kerriy that old biler over to the Harbor to git a new bottom on to it—deary! deary! and she trotted into the cellar, great drops of perspiration starting from every pore of her thin body. Once more the perplexed spinster, with the sugar-bowl clasped to her bosom, wandered aimlessly from the kitchen to the "settin'-room," quite oblivious to the fact that Bijah would soon be coming in for his supper.

"Why to be sure!" at last she cried, her face brightening. "Thet old cistern's jest the place to hide things."

The next moment saw her kneeling on the ground in the dooryard, alongside the unused cistern, the wooden cover of which was almost concealed by tall grass.

Although the old well was perfectly dry, a mouldy odor greeted Aunt Priscy when she lifted the cover.

"It's more'n a dozen foot deep," she muttered, peering into the cavern. "Guess silver won't mould," she added, tying a cord to the pail in which she placed the sugar bowl with its treasure.

She lowered the pail into the cistern, carefully hid the end of the cord under the wooden cover, and returned to the kitchen. When Bijah some time later, came up from the fish house, a savory dish of cod fish and potatoes, flanked on one side by a pyramid of golden-hued doughnuts, on the other by a huge dish of blueberry pastry was steaming on the table.

"What nonsense!" at last impatiently exclaimed the youth, when he found that his retrogressive manœuvre was of no avail. "Take down your gun, my good woman, I don't intend to hurt you, or—"

"No, don't guess you did," interrupted Aunt Priscy. "You jes' want I should let you kerriy off my butter money peaceable like. This haint Miss Tetlow's house, Mister Tromp."

Seeing that cautious retreat, and argument were alike useless, the youth was about to adopt different tactics. What would have been the result of the measure will never be known as at that moment he trod on the decayed planks covering the cistern, and the next he was lying bruised and helpless at the bottom.

"Great king!" ejaculated Aunt Priscy, when she realized what had happened. "Ef he haint fell into the cistern. Wall, it's a pow'ful handy tromp trap ef it ain't a safe money chist." Then her woman's nature got the better of her spartan courage; she knelt at the edge of the opening in the plank, and peering into the musty cavern inquired solicitously: "Did you hurt you, Mister Tromp?"

The sudden descent had surprised more than injured the youth; but he was pretty well shaken by the fall. He rose to his feet, brushed the soil from his clothes, then looked up at the wrinkled face of his persecutrix, and said petulantly:

"No, I'm not hurt, confound you! just stand aside, will you, and let me get out of this hole!"

But Aunt Priscy's warlike feelings returned when she found that her enemy was not yet vanquished.

"I don't guess you'd better git out—leastways not jes' yet," she replied, bringing the muzzle of her gun to bear on a vital part of her prisoner's person. "Bijah'll be home bimeby, an' mebbe he'll let you git out, jes' you set down an' rest you, you must be jist tied," she concluded with grim irony.

A pause ensued, during which the spinster critically surveyed the victim, whose disdainful silence only served to augment her garulity.

"Wall, you air a queer lookin' chap!" she observed after a while. "I never see a growed up man dressed as curus as you be—with thet mite of a hat no bigger 'n a rosberry; an' a pollyvay jes' like a woman's; an' sech short trowsis. You must a growed a sight sense you got 'em—you ought to hed tucks into 'em."

Exasperated as he felt the youth could not help but smile at this frank criticism of his costume.

"Should think you'd a stole some of 'Squire Tetlow's' clo'se instead of kerriyin' off all Miss Tetlow's doughnuts, an'—"

"What are you talking about?" angrily interrupted the youth. "I haven't been robbin' anybody. I'm no thief as you seem to imagine. Whom do you take me to be, any how?"

"One of them tromps," promptly responded the spinster.

The young man's merry laughter filled the cistern with strange sounds.

"Well, this is a rum go!" he exclaimed. "My good woman, do I look like a thievish tramp?"

"I dunno, I'm sure; I never see one afore," was the nonchalant reply.

"Well," pursued the youth, "if you are keepin' me penned in this hole like a muskrat, because you imagine me to be a tramp

and a thief, you may put up your blunder-buss and let me out. I dare say you have heard of the gentleman who has bought Clement's Ledge?"

"Him thet's buildin' a stun house over 't the ledge?" inquired Aunt Priscy.

"Yes; I am his son. We are stopping over at South West Harbor for a few days. I was on my way to the Ledge, when I stopped here to get a drink."

"Wall," deliberately observed the spinster, without relaxing her vigilant watch of the prisoner's movement: "Mebbe you be his son, but I ain't minded to believe you air. Folks say as he's powerful rich; an' ef you was a son of him, I don't callate you'd be goin' round the kentry wearin' clo'se you'd growed out of. I be nigh onto seventy year old, an' I never see a growed honest man wearin' boy's trowsis,—an' I never see a tramp nuther. Guess you best stop where you air till Bijah comes."

"But, my good woman," urged the youth, "my father will think something has happened to me if you keep me here. I was to meet him at the Ledge at ten o'clock."

"Was you callatin' to swim cross the bay?" ironically questioned Aunt Priscy.

The youth stamped his foot in anger, but he merely said:

"I was told down at Sandy Point that I could hire a boat here, from a fisherman of the name of Hopkins—"

"Thet's Bijah; Bijah Hopkins, my brother," nodded Priscilla, letting her left elbow take the place of the right one, which had been supporting the weight of her body.

"Hope he isn't a lunatic, too!" under his breath commented the young man. Aloud he asked: "Where is your brother?"

"Over to the Harbor—leastways, he went to kerriy some mack'el airly this mornin'."

The pause which followed was broken by the youth.

"Come, now, Miss Hopkins," he said insinuatingly, "you surely must be convinced that I am not the thief you thought me."

"Mebbe I be, but I guess you better stop down yander, where you can't convince me, till Bijah comes. He—"

The sound of voices interrupted further speech; but, curious as she was to see who was talking with her brother, she would not remove her watchful eye from the prisoner.

"Hello! Priscy Hopkins," called Bijah from the doortop of the cottage, where he was standing with an elderly gentleman; "What be you a-doin' now, I want to know?"

"Haint doin' nawthin' jes' now," replied Priscilla. "Guess you'd ought to see what I've ketchin' while you was gone."

Bijah left the stranger standing in the cottage door, and strode across the award, muttering as he went:

"Keep gittin' curuser an' curuser every day."

"What air you a doin' 't the old musket, Priscy Hopkins?" he asked, coming up to her side. "Got the coon thet's been robbin' your hen pen?"

"Bigger game 'n coon, Bijah Hopkins," answered Priscilla, rising from her recumbent position. "Don't callate you thought I was smart enough to trap a live tromp," she added, with a triumphant gesture toward the cistern.

Bijah shaded his eyes from the bright sunlight and peered into the cistern.

"Great Jerico!" he ejaculated, when his glance rested on the upturned face of the occupant of the cavern. "Guess you've been a mite too previous trappin' tromps, Priscy Hopkins." Then to the youth he added, "Jes' you stop there a little mite longer, son, an' I'll fetch a ladder. Your father'll be kind of 'sried to find you safe and sound in this here hole, instid of drownin' in the bay as he was feared."

"My father?" eagerly repeated the young man. "Where is he? Have you seen him?"

"He's to the house. He came over with me in my bot', an' we hev been cruisin' all 'round the shore a huntin' ye—an' all the while you was hid here snug as a toad in a hole! It does bid me, though, how you got into the cistern—"

"He got himself into it," meekly interposed Aunt Priscy, with a crestfallen air. Her mistake had completely subdued her warlike humor.

"An' you kep' him there with thet old musket thet haint been loaded sense Grandfather Hopkins died? Ha, ha, ha! Wall, guess you was more com'fable in the bottom of the cistern, young sir, thet ef you'd been drownin' in the bay; anyhow, you didn't get as wet."

Now that no trace of the old cistern remained, and its onetime occupant cannot, by its dozen feet of depth, prove the utter futility of any attempt to escape he might have made, he is unwilling to confess to a critical public that he was once kept for two whole hours in "durance vile" by a woman with an antiquated musket that was not loaded.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

CONTENTMENT.

BY NELLIE TALBOT KINKAD.

Once there lived a little maiden, who was very sweet and fair, and whose hair was like purple pansies, and long, sunny, flowing hair; and whose eyes were like the blue of the sky, and whose cheeks were like the roses of the spring.

And she had no wealth nor power—just a lovely, smiling face, and a gentle nature, and a maiden's win- some grace; but at times she longed for jewels, to wear silk and costly lace.

And it chanced she lay a-sleeping in the garden once in June, and the sunlight kissed her tresses, and the breezes sang a tune, and the roses were half jealous all the summer afternoon.

And she dreamed of wondrous treasures, of a prince who came to claim her, and whose praise seemed melody, like the music of the waters flowing on delight- fully.

And she longed for time to pass her like a sud- den spirit down, for her youth to vanish quickly, and to be a woman grown.

But the prince might kneel before her, and might claim her for his own.

And in part her wish was answered, for there came to her one day a prince of wealth and station, and indis- putable sway; but she had no love to give him, yet she did not turn away.

But he heard, a sad-eyed woman stands alone at close of day, and her heart is grieved and troubled, and men prize her as they may.

For her happiness has left her, taken wings and flown away!

And I think O friends, 'twere better, in this jour- ney here of ours, not to dream of power and riches, nor of stately houses and towers— but to live in sweet contentment, like the little birds and flowers.

Lexington, Ky. —N. Y. Independent.

HOW JOHNNY CAUGHT THE MOUSE

A True Story.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"It's very strange we can't catch that mouse," said mamma.

"Try some poison," said Aunt Harriet.

"Oh," said mamma, "I'm afraid to have any poison about, for fear some of these two-legged little mice might get hold of it."

"Set a trap," said grandmother.

"I've tried that, but the mouse is too cunning to be caught. It takes a nibble at the bread and cheese and pies, and don't seem to care for the bait in the trap."

"If you have all the cat-eats carried out of the pantry, maybe it would," said grand- mother.

"I've tried that, too. But mouse seems to have learned what a trap is, and must have gone without his supper last night rather than try the trap."

"I'm sure, mamma," said little Nan, who felt sorry for the mouse, "there's enough pie and cheese and things for all of us and for the mouse, too. It only wants a little bit."

"Yes, dear," said mamma, laughing, "but he won't take that little bit just as I would like him to."

"Your little kitten will soon be big enough to catch mice, Nannie," said grandma.

"I don't believe she'll ever do anything so cruel, grandma," said Nannie, looking very sober. "If she did, I wouldn't want her for my kitty any longer."

"Pooh! what else are cats good for?" said Johnny.

"Good for pouncing and roll marbles and be nice and cunning," said Nan, hugging her kitty very fondly. "Kitty," she added, "if you ever do such a thing as eat up a poor little mouse, I'll never love you again in the world—never, never!"

Kitty poked up her pretty white head, and gave her mistress's little face a rub; and Nan felt sure she understood every word.

Johnny went out to see where the mouse had hid a hole in the cracker-box, and presently called back,

"Nan, O Nan! Don't you want to make some molasses candy?"

"Yes, indeed," said Nan, putting down her kitten, and running to him. "Are you going to?"

"Yes. May we, mamma?"

"What if I should say no?" said mamma, smiling.

"Oh, but you never do, you're such a good mamma."

"Then I suppose I must say yes."

"Get the saucepan, Nan."

Mamma poured out the molasses, and Johnny carried it to the kitchen and put it on the stove.

"I know one thing about making molasses candy," he said: "you always boil it. But you put things in it, too, and I've forgotten what they are."

"Mamma," he cried, running in to where she was sitting, "what do you put into candy to make it good?"

"Well," said mamma, "there are different ways of making candy. Some make it one way, and some another. I always used to put in a little butter."

"Anything else?"

"Nuts, if I happened to have any."

"That's good. Where's grandmother?"

"Gone up to her room."

The next moment Johnny was knocking at grandma's door.

"Grandma," he cried, without waiting for her to say, "Come in," "how do you make molasses candy?"

"Well," said grandma, taking off her glasses so she could think better, "it's so long since I have made any that I don't re- member very well. But I believe we always put in a little vinegar, for one thing."

"Anything else?"

"Sometimes we used to put in a little es- sence of wintergreen or peppermint. Then it tasted like wintergreen or peppermint candy."

"Good!" said Johnny.

He found Aunt Harriet sitting on the porch, and asked her,

"Auntie, how do you make candy?"

"Oh, different ways," said Aunt Harriet.

"What do you put into it?"

"Chocolate, sometimes."

"Oh, yes. That makes splendid candy."

What else?

"Cream of tartar, if it is sugar candy."

"Yes; anything else?"

"White of egg, and a few drops of vanil- la."

"To be sure! Vanilla's the very thing!"

Johnny rushed back to the kitchen, where Nan was carefully watching the molasses on the stove.

"Now I know what to put in it," he cried.

"You find the cream of tartar, Nan, and get an egg and break up the white. Hurry, for the molasses is boiling. I must get the vin- egar."

"How much cream of tartar?" asked Nan, bringing it and a large spoon.

"I don't know, but let's have plenty. Pile the spoon up."

"Oh," said Nan, as the molasses foamed, and Johnny stirred it vigorously, "see this on the paper, it's soda, not cream of tar- tar!"

"So 'tis," said Johnny, looking at the la- bel on the box. "Well, I don't believe it'll make any difference. They put soda into lots of good things. We'll have the cream of tartar, too. Yes, here 'tis. See how it foams again! Goes just like soda-water; and that's awfully good you know."

By the time Johnny had cracked some nuts, Nan had beaten the eggs. Into the molasses they went, followed by the vanilla and a liberal supply of peppermint and but- ter. Then Johnny began scraping his choc- olate.

"Seems to me it ought to be most done by this time said," Nan.

"Yes, I s'pose 'tis," said Johnny. "What a jolly time we'll have pulling it!"

The chocolate was put in, and then both children brought tea-spoons and dropped a little of the candy into cold water.

"It ought to turn into little hard lumps," said Johnny.

But it did not. It traveled about in the water, giving it a very disagreeable, muddy look.

They waited and waited, and tried and tried; but the candy did not harden into lumps. The only difference they could see was that the water became darker and mud- dier as they tried more of it.

"I'm tired of waiting," said Johnny, at last getting quite out of patience. "It's getting dark. We can't pull it to-night. But I know it'll be hard before morning, Nan. That'll give it such a good long time to cool."

Nan agreed, as she always did; and Johnny got his battered dish and poured the candy into it.

"Do you think it tastes so very good?" asked Nan, as the two took a little on a tea- spoon to taste.

"Of course it does," said Johnny, instantly.

"I put in all the good things that anybody ever heard of putting into candy, and plenty of 'em too; and how can it help being good?"

Before his bed-time, Johnny went several times to try if his candy was hardening.

"No; it's sticky as it can be," he said, as Nan looked at him when he came back to the sitting-room. "We'll have to boil it more to- morrow."

As soon as he had his clothes on the next morning, Johnny pounced down to the pan- try. Nora, the girl, laughed as he ran through the kitchen.

"What's that?" he said, as he went up to the dish. The pantry was not very light, and he could not see very distinctly, but he heard a queer little sound.

"Squeak, squeak, squeak," it went.

"He was just about to put his finger into the candy, when he gave a jump backward, crying out—

"Oh! oh! Mamma! grandma! auntie! Nora! Nan!"

"What is the matter?" asked his mother, hurrying to the pantry.

"I've caught the mouse!"

Johnny pointed to his dish of candy. There, just inside the edge of the dish, was the poor little trembling creature,—caught fast in the sticky molasses candy.

"Poor little thing!" said Nan, as they all came to laugh. And she rubbed her blue eyes, as mamma told Nora to take the mouse out and give it to old Moses, the great striped cat that lived in the barn.

"The candy's all good but just where the mouse was," said Johnny. "Mamma," he said, going to her with a taste of it, "what more do you think we ought to put into this to make it get hard, and—to make it taste just right?"

Mamma tasted it and made rather a queer face.

"What have you put into it already, Johnny?"

"Oh, all the things folks told me."

"What were they?"

"Butter and chocolate and vinegar and nuts—"

"And egg and vanilla," said mamma.

"And soda and cream of tartar," said Johnny.

"Anything else?"

"And peppermint," said Nan.

"Well," said mamma, "I don't believe it ever will get hard."

"Never mind, Johnny," said Aunt Harriet. "If you can't make molasses candy, you are a brilliant success on mouse-traps."

Johnny took a good mouthful of the candy. Then he carried it to the kitchen, and put it where Nora washed the dishes, saying to himself—

"I don't care a bit if it never gets hard."

—Christian Register.

WON'T PART WITH IT.

There is a story current at Bar Harbor that a certain piece of land, valued at \$150,000, is owned by an old Irish woman who refuses to part with it. She uses it as a drying place for her clothes, and says that she has been accustomed all her life to work for her living and means to do so still. There's honesty for you, reduced to its first principles!—Home Journal.

A TAP AT THE DOOR.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

A hand tapped at my door, low down, low down, I opened it and saw two eyes of brown, Two lips of cherry red, A little curly head, A bonny, fairy spirit, in dress of white, Who said, with lifted face, "Papa, good night."

She climbed upon my knee, and, kneeling there, Lapsed softly, solemnly, her little prayer; Her moaning finger tips, Her pure, sweet baby lips, Carried my soul with hers, half awares, Into some clearer and diviner air.

I tried to lift again, but all in vain, Of scientific thought the subtle chain; So small, so small, My learning all; Though I could call each star and tell its place, My child's "Our Father" bridged the gulf of space.

I sat with folded hands, at rest, at rest, Turning this solemn thought within my breast; How faith would fade If God had made No children in this world—no baby age— Only the prudent man or thoughtful sage;

Only the woman wise, no little arms, To clasp around our neck; no baby charms, No loving care, No sinless prayer, No thrill of lisping song, no patter of feet, No infant heart against our heart to beat.

Then at a tiny hand, low down, Then at that heart or door, ah! do not frown: Bend low to meet The little feet, To clasp the clinging hand; the child will be Nearer Heaven than three—nearer than thee.

TAFKY.

If there is friction, out with your oil-can. If there is a quarrel pour on oil. Blessed are the peace-makers.

But the oil-can is for the rarer emergen- cies. It is not everybody that has the gift of putting oil on just the spot that grates; and it is not every day that quarrels occur which call for the oil-can.

But blessed be taffy! It is wanted every day and from everybody. It is the universal sweetness of social and domestic life.

Husband, have you come home and do you find your wife tired and hot with the day's work in chamber and kitchen? Give her a little taffy. Say a sweet thing to her. Praise her for something. Tell her how nice the bread is, so much better than the baker's; that the ketchup is the best she ever made; that the house looked so sweet and cheerful when you came in; that she has the dearest children that ever lived; and at your leisure, before she goes to bed, tell her she is your own heart's treasure. It will do her good; it will make the smiles come. She may box your ears when you say sweet, pet- ting things, and tell you she are talking as you would to the cat; but she will like it just the same.

Wife, does your good man come home weary and burdened, exhausted and—no, not cross, but undemonstrative and silent? Go up to him with a sweet welcome. Say some- thing pretty to him. Men all love to be ap- preciated and flattered. Give him the sugar stick. Tell him some pretty thing somebody said about him. Tell him how much you admire what he has done; and when you can sit down alone with him take his hand and pet him and tell him you love him more than tongue can tell; don't be afraid of over- doing it and using comical little exaggera- tions. He may know, and you may know that there is taffy in it; but it is very nice taffy. We all like it; we all like to be told we are loved, and the saying it makes it all the truer. It is a great deal better to cul- tivate one's love with warm expressions than to blight it with frost. Pretty nothings? Why, they are big realities, the stuff happi- ness feeds on. Give us more taffy.

Did you ever see doves rub each other's bills? What is a kiss? Taffy. What is com- plement? Taffy. What is politeness? Taffy. The good Lord himself praises his loved ones with a well-done but beyond their deserts. For quarrels give us oil; but give us taffy every day, all we deserve, much more than we deserve. Don't be over-conscientious about it; let it be full and abundant and very sweet; sweet with smiles and love and laughter. Give it to your father, your mother, your husband, your wife, your brother, sister, child, friend. How your child loves it! So do you. More, more taffy!—Independent.

THE NARROWING INFLUENCE.

How much we hear about it; but usually in connection with home life, marriage, house- work, or something akin to one of these. No one ever says anything about the nar- rowing influence of staying behind the counter and selling collars and cuffs, or gloves, neither do we hear of the narrowing influ- ence of working a typewriter or receiving and transmitting telegraphic messages. Now, in comparing the work of the housewife with that of the clerk, or the telegraph op- erator, it must be admitted that the house- wife has the advantage in more directions than one. To be sure the telegraph op- erator has stated hours for work, and that, with a certain class of people, goes far toward making it a model employment. But no matter what the day, or its happen- ings, the operator must be at his post dur- ing the stated hours, after which, of course, comes freedom. Not so with the house- keeper. To be sure there are stated times when dinner must be ready; breakfast and tea likewise; but suppose that a school is to hold an exhibition, or a flower show is held, or an excursion is planned, which goes, the clerk and typewriter operator or the housekeeper? It is the latter every time; and just see how it is planned. The day be- fore the great event she bakes up all sorts of good things and plans for the next day, leaving everything all fixed in the refrigera- tor. In the morning, to be sure, she is up a little earlier than usual, so as to leave the house in good order, but she goes bright and ready to see all, and to enjoy all that is enjoyable. If there is a lecture she is there to hear it, and for the next two days how she thinks it all over while the bread is be- ing made, the rooms swept and dusted, and the children's aprons made.—Springfield Union.

—Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A RHYME-IN-LAW.

They called it kleptomaniacs, and her husband paid the bill, And nothing more was said of it—they kept it hushed and still; Because 'twas lace and satin, and useless things, they said— Of course she could have bought them—she's not in her right head."

A poor man, in his hunger, had stolen some tempting food, They called the first policeman—they jeered with laughter, and And judge and jury branded him a thief, the vilest kind. They sent him up for sixty days—the moral you may find.

L'Envoi. Justice, herself, is not to blame, poor goddess, she is blind! —Detroit Free Press.

TALKS ON DRESS.

The pretty delicate fabrics that are so lovely for summer wear are put aside for the season, and woolen goods of all kinds are specially in favor now. The first thought of every mother is for her child, and she realizes that as the cool season approaches, warmer garments should be provided.

Many regard thicker underwear as suffi- cient, but in this there is a mistake. As soon as the child escapes from its mother's arms and wanders about at will, it should be clothed in woolen garments from the day that the fire is built in the stove until it finally goes out in the spring. It is such an easy matter for a child's dress to catch, and a cotton garment blazes so readily, that before the flames could be extinguished the little one would be almost certain to have suffered painful if not fatal burns.

It is a pretty fancy, that mothers are loth to relinquish, to keep the baby in white clothes, at least, until it attains its fourth year; but it is a dangerous fancy to gratify, unless indeed white woools are substituted for the pretty embroidered cottons that are the favorite goods.

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Many regard thicker underwear as suffi- cient, but in this there is a mistake. As soon as the child escapes from its mother's arms and wanders about at will, it should be clothed in woolen garments from the day that the fire is built in the stove until it finally goes out in the spring. It is such an easy matter for a child's dress to catch, and a cotton garment blazes so readily, that before the flames could be extinguished the little one would be almost certain to have suffered painful if not fatal burns.

It is a pretty fancy, that mothers are loth to relinquish, to keep the baby in white clothes, at least, until it attains its fourth year; but it is a dangerous fancy to gratify, unless indeed white woools are substituted for the pretty embroidered cottons that are the favorite goods.

Fortunately the fashion no longer displays the beautiful chest and lovely arms of the little one, but the garment comes up high about the throat and is made with long sleeves. In all garments for children and adults the aim should be to secure the great- est amount of warmth at this season, with the least possible weight.

Children's dresses that have been worn very short, are now made long, and the skirts of little two and three-year-olds, now reach their boots.

In taking dresses from the little boy and substituting manlier garments, the change should always be made gradually, the last garments should be less and less "girlish," and when finally he dons a boy's suit, it should be in warm weather, when the change to fewer garments is less noticeable.

The best gown for school wear is flannel. This wears well, and is light and warm. There are so many colors and shades of this fabric, that the fancy of each can be satisfied. From the coarse goods, the quality advances to the most soft and delicate texture imagi- nable.

The blouse frock is a pretty form to make up this fabric for school wear.

A novel trimming introduced this season on garments for children and adults is leather. It is used in its natural color and in "shiny black." Children's serge frocks are trimmed with it frequently. It is turned up around the edge of the frock to the depth of three or four inches, while the pockets waistcoat and cuffs are of the leather. Buttons or hooks and buckles. Felt hats are frequently trimmed with leather. Three narrow straps fastened with a buckle are put at equal distances around the crown.

Crickets and yachting caps are growing in favor to be worn with the winter suits. Among the goods shown for children's wear are colored plaids and stripes, in great va- riety and some of them of marked beauty. Cloth goods for adults are most worn, but cashmere serge and many other fabrics are favorites. For a rich gown nothing is quite so elegant as velvet, but unless the velvet is real, the attempt at such a gown produces a dowdy effect. Silk is, of course, popular and poplin is coming back to public favor, making as it does one of the prettiest, best wear- ing, artistic fabrics known.

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BITS OF FUN.

TWO NEGATIVES.

Two negatives I've heard, sweet maid,
Make an affirmative,
Pray is it true or is it not?
An answer quickly give,
For you are teacher of a school
And certainly should know
All that relates to grammar,
And the answer: It is so.

He pressed the tiny hand and gazed
Upon the lovely maid,
And said I pray you let me take
From those sweet lips a kiss;
Those lips on which the rose you kissed
Has left its crimson glow.
She blushed, she sighed, she hung her head
And answered him, No, no.

—Husband (despondently)—Things look
tough, my dear. But the world owes me a liv-
ing. Wife (impatiently)—Well, for heaven's
sake, I shan't brace up and collect it!—Ex.

—You flog charges a very high price for
pulling teeth," said a real estate dealer to a den-
tist. "Oh, I don't know about that," was the
confident reply, "we only charge a dollar an
acher."—Time.

—Stranger (to shabby individual)—Are you
the janitor of this building? "No, sir; that well-
dressed gentleman with the pig hat is the janitor."
—Ex.

—Old Mrs. Bentley—Is Joe, Josiah, there's 'goin'
to be a good deal of soap used by the politicians
this fall. Old Mr. Bentley—Yes, they'll use it.
Old Mrs. Bentley—Well, I'm glad on it. I don't
know much about politics, but I do believe in
keeping clean.—N. Y. One.

—Yes," said the fruit-man at the corner, re-
gretfully, "I'm gettin' old. I can't see as well as I
used to. When I sell a pound of grapes to a
man that's in a 'urry, I sometimes give in a ripe
hunch by mistake. And the poor old man
sighed dimly."—Chicago Tribune.

—He was no Indian—Trump—Could you give
a bite to a poor man who hasn't eaten anything
for—Lady of the house (shouting shrilly)—Tiger!
Tiger! Come here, Tiger. T. (loftily)—You are
calling your dog, madam. I want you to under-
stand that I don't eat dog. I'm no Indian. And
he strode away in silent dignity.—Boston Courier.

—First newspaper humorist (at dinner party)
—I flatter myself that is not a bad story. Second
newspaper humorist (without smiling)—Yes, it
will do. F. N. H.—Then why don't you laugh?
That is a nice way to treat a friend's joke. S. N.
H. (laughing)—Oh, I didn't know that was a so-
cial matter. I thought you wanted my profes-
sional opinion. Pray pardon me.—Ex.

—As delicate a charity as I remember, says a
writer in America, was the act of a gruff, taciturn
old physician in his old-fashioned mining town. A poor,
aged parson was carefully attended by the irri-
table doctor. When the preacher had sufficiently
recovered to dispense with further medical atten-
tion he asked for his bill. "Your bill? Here it is,"
said the doctor, opening his pocket-book and
handing the minister's wife a \$10 bill.—Ex.

—Little girl studying Sunday school lesson
(third chapter of St. Matthew)—Uncle Henry,
what did John wear a leather griddle for? Uncle
Henry—A leather griddle! Why, what do you
mean? Little girl—Why, it says here, "And
the same John had his raiment of camel's hair
and a leather griddle about his loins, and his
meal was locusts and wild honey—Oh, I see! I
saw the locusts on. And away she went to Sun-
day school.—New York Times.

—Smith—That's not a bad looking baby in that
carriage, Cricks. Cricks (stopping the carriage)
—No, but I've got one at home about the same
size is worth a dozen of it. (To nurse)—Whose
baby is this? Nurse—Well, sir, I only want with
the kiddy this mornin'. Oh, I think her name is
Mrs. Cricks. Cricks—Hi, there! You little fat
rascal. Don't you know your own poppy word
yet? Ain't he a daisy, Smith?—N. Y. Times.

—Dr. Dunding laughs at a joke that befell his
friend, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, not long ago.
Dr. Hale was making one of his long pedestrian
tours through a rural region, and became very
hungry. Calling at the door of a farmhouse, he
asked the woman if she would let him have some-
thing to eat. She looked over his tall, robust
figure and then answered, in a slightly contemptu-
ous tone: "Yes, I'll give you something to eat;
but a man as big and strong and as able to work
as you are, ought to be ashamed of tramping and
begging around the country!"—Ex.

—Only those who have been roused from
midnight slumber on shipboard by the terrible
cry, "Man overboard," said the traveler, "can
comprehend to the full the terrible meaning, the
fear and horror in its sudden alarm." "Oh
yes, they can," replied the little lame shoemaker,
"they can't make of a traveler. I heard it once
when I wasn't near the ship, and I realized the
horror of it more than any one else." "You
couldn't," said the traveler, scornfully. "Yes, I
could," persisted the little lame shoemaker, "I
was the man who was overboard."—Ex.

—Don't judge a man by appearances wholly,
unless you are prepared for surprises. Two men
who started out from Fort Fairfield, a white ago,
in search of oats, were met back. After going
about a dozen miles they found a log house,
whose owner, in reply to questions, stated that
he had the required one hundred and fifty bushels
to sell. When the purchasers got ready to pay
for the oats they could show only \$40 in change
and a \$500 bill. "Now see here, Pat," they said,
"we're in a fix. What will you do, take the \$40
and trust us for the balance, or take back the
oats?" "Begone, I'll do neither," said Pat, "but
I'll change the bill!" which he did.—Ex.

—"Well," said the menagerie man, in reply to
the reporter's question, "I name five animals ac-
cording to their disposition, taste, or habits, or
something. Now this catlion, for instance I call
"Aurora"; tom, grammatical, but its appropri-
ate. I call the tiger "Blazer," because he comes
in stripes; the bridled goat I call "Nothing," be-
cause Solomon says there is nothing new; I call
the camel "Prima Donna," because he always has
his back up; the leopard I call "Measles," on ac-
count of his spots; the brown bear I call "Lager,"
because he's a thriver and the grizzly is "Dock,"
because he's a stronger brewin. I call the hyena
"Straggler," because he slopes off behind;
the sacred cow I call "Chairman," because she's
the boss; and the zebra, "Mug-rump," because
he's the "Boss Kicker." "And what," asked
the reporter, deeply interested in recognizing his
own long forgotten chestnuts, "do you call the
giraffe?" "Voter," said the showman, for it was
he. "And why?" "Because he swallows more
in the same time than all the rest of the menage-
rie."—Hartford Courant.

FOUND HIS CANTEN.

We have a strange story of a union veteran
who fought at Gettysburg. Just before enter-
ing the action he took his canteen from his
shoulder and hid it in a crevice in the
rock. Then came that fiery ball of shot and
shell that swept down regiments like flocks
of wheat before the reaper. At the close of
the battle the soldier forgot all about his
canteen, nor did it ever occur to him again
until he visited the field at the late re-union.
Then it flashed through his mind, and after a
minute's search he found it where he had left
it on that momentous day.

"We Point With Pride"

To the "Good name at home," won by Hood's
Sarsaparilla. In Lowell, Mass., where it is pre-
pared, there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold
than of all other medicines, and it is given the
best of satisfaction since its introduction ten years
ago. This could not be if the medicine did not
possess merit. If you suffer from impure blood,
try Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its peculiar
curative power.

Yellow leaves, how fast they flutter—woodland
hollows thickly striding.
Where the winter sunbeams scantily in
the mid-day wind,
While the dim gray clouds are drifting, and in
saddened hues imbeling
All without and all within.
—Jean Ingelow.

—If your hair is turning gray, restore to it
the hue of youth by the use of Ayer's Hair Vig-
or. The best hair preservative.

Hence from the busy, joy-revering fields,
In cheerful fervor, I hasten the morn
Of Autumn unconfined; and taste, revived,
The breath of orchard big with budding fruit.
—Thomson.

—The whitest, worst looking hair renu-er its
youthful beauty and softness by using Hall's
Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. Try it.

—Quintal will cure catarrhs of the bladder. Also
catarrhs of the prostate, and discharges from
the head.

—JOHN BROOKS, Princeton, Mass., offers for sale
at Hillside Farm, Princeton, Mass., on Wednesday,
November 7, a fine lot of full blooded registered
Jersey stock to gether with two Percheron colts,
one Crownwell colt and a variety of farming tools.
More can be learned by consulting an advertise-
ment in another column.

—GEO. TYLER & CO., 43 South Market St., Boston
call attention to another column to Stricker's New
Malleable, Woodruff, Reversible Carrier. The il-
lustration indicates its construction well.

—SPITZ BROS. & MOSE, 608 Washington St., Bos-
ton, make a special announcement in another col-
umn of their celebrated all wool suits which they
sell at the phenomenal price of ten dollars. They
have their winter stock complete with all the lat-
est novelties in ready made clothing for men and
boys. By consulting their advertisement in another
column more can be learned.

—SMITH & WINCHESTER have succeeded Mart,
Foss & Co. as manufacturers of the Buckeye force
and left pumps and other articles. Their place of
business is from 19 to 31 Wendell street, Boston.
See advertisement in another column.

I have used Mr. Tuttle's Liniment with good
results. GEO. M. ARMSTRONG.
Boston, April 11, 1888.

—The ladies are all delighted with the Electric
Lustrate Starch. No wonder, it is the best laundry
starch in the world, and it is also very valuable as a
toilet powder. Being pure and harmless it is invalu-
able as a skin preservative for infants. All grocers sell it.

—The best thing in the market for catarrh, Quintal.

—Mr. R. E. Former, going to vote for Finnegan
are you? Why the man can hardly write! Mr.
Former, however, writes, "I have to write to
write at all, which he's got to have a \$200
secretary?"—Puck.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having
placed his hands by the aid of Eastern medicine
the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the
speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bron-
chitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung
Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Ner-
vous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after
having tested his wonderful curative powers in thou-
sands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known
to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive
and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send
free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in
German, French or English, with full directions for
preparing and using. Sent by mail with address-
ing stamp, naming this paper, W. A. KOTZ, 149
Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. sept2-1888

—Pa, who was it turned the garden hose
on Reginald when he was serenading me? "It was
I, daughter." "And why, pray?" "Because
Shakespeare advises it. He says, 'If music be the
food of love, play on,' and assuming Reginald's
brand of music to be the food of love, I played on
played on him with the hose and a dilution of
ice water."—Ex.

—A Madman at Large!
He is a well-known citizen, and his nearest
and dearest friends do not suspect his insanity. How
do we happen to know about it? Listen; his appetite
is gone, he is low spirited, he does not sleep well,
he has night-sweats, he is annoyed by a hacking cough.
These symptoms are the forerunners of consump-
tion and death, and yet he neglects them. It is not
wonder then that we call him a madman? If you
are his friend tell him to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery without delay. It will
cure him if he takes it in time. It will not miracu-
lously create new lungs when the old ones are near-
ly gone, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy
condition. Tell him about it, and warn him that in
his case delay means death.

Two Hundred Dollars in Gold.

We are authorized by advice from I. S. John-
son & Co., Boston, to say that they have for three
years offered poultry raisers, premiums payable
in gold coin, for the best results obtained from us-
ing Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay. Their
object has been to satisfy themselves beyond the
shadow of a doubt, that the claim made by them
that "Nothing on earth will make hens lay like
Sheridan's Powder," was positively true. The
hundreds of testimonials sent them from people
who have used the Powder, prove this statement;
so that it seems folly again to offer premiums;
but so many persons, especially women who kept
a few hens, have made such good showing in
former trials, and been beaten by some one else by
a slight fraction in average, that in justice they
ought to have another trial. Johnson & Co. have
designed a plan this year to overcome that trouble
in a measure, by offering twice as much cash and
six times as many Gold Coins Premiums as last
year. The larger premium is \$50.00. It is well
worth trying for. If you miss that, there are
twenty-three more chances for some other pre-
mium. But supposing a competitor did not get
any premium, they would still have the satisfac-
tion of getting a lot of eggs to sell at a good
round price. The retail price for eggs in Boston
and New York last year, reached as high as 50
cents per dozen. If you sell over 100 eggs, you
will get a lot of money for your trouble. One of
the competitors last year wrote as follows: "I will
well paid in eggs without a premium. I will
cheerfully recommend Sheridan's Condition Pow-
der to poultry raisers generally, for egg produc-
tion, and all diseases of hens. I can now say con-
fidently that it will beat anything I ever tried to
make hens lay." He was evidently satisfied,
and well he might have been; for during eight
weeks he got from 30 hens, 1420 eggs, which at
the average of prices above would amount to
\$55.08.

Any person can compete. Johnson & Co. will
send full particulars free to anyone, whether they
order Powder or not.

For 50 cents in stamps, I. S. Johnson & Co.,
22 Court House street, Boston, Mass., will send
to any P. O. address two 25-cent packs, five
packs for \$1.00; or, for \$1.20, a 2 1/4 pound can
of Powder sent postpaid; six cans for \$5.00, ex-
press prepaid. Send for full particulars.

—One dose of Quintal will cure a cold in the head.

THE RESCUED OF THE M.S.P.C.C.

The play-hours were revelations of the
past life of the little rescued ones. Mechan-
ical toys, or those that involved brain-work,
were, to them, frauds. "Mother has gone out
washing," or "Mother has gone to a fu-
neral" were the favorite games; except with
the Italians of whom in the first days of the
Society there were many.

Two boys, one with a foot so badly frozen
that it had to be amputated, the other with a
permanently twisted leg and with ears whose
lobes hung down his cheek (the results of
punishment meted out to them for insuffi-
cient earnings on behalf of their padrones),
were the heroes in all the mimic dramas of
these little Italians. They seemed to prefer
playing "theatre," and always in the form of
an opera. Bed-quits made the stage cur-
tains which worked better than do roller
ones in many parlor theatrics. The "scen-
ery" was rendered effective by the imagina-
tion and by newspaper pictures fastened to
the walls and to transverse strings. The
"acts" were short and striking, each endear-
ing in a climax of its own. The "parts"
were always sung, and if any child degener-
ated into a spoken recital of his role, or al-
luded to poverty and hand-organs, he was
severely reprimanded. Counts and countess-
es, brigands and mountaineers trod the three-
cornered stage with wondrous mimicry of the
world-renowned tenors and sopranos, in ges-
ture, speech and action. (The cruel servitude
under padrones, from which so many Italian
children suffered in those days, has now
almost wholly ceased, owing to the efforts
of the Italian consuls and of the M.S.P.C.C.)

The sympathy of the rescued children for
one another's sufferings is curious. One lit-
tle urchin, whose back was frightfully lacer-
ated, only elicited from his fellow-lacer-
ated, "S'pose you've been licked with pear-
rods," and the boy of the pear-rods said to
the other, whose face and shoulders were
raw, "Them's pokers! they hurt longer than
pear-rods."

They all seem to feel a sense of degrada-
tion in speaking of their past life. They
cherish a great contempt for themselves—
that they were so low-spirited as to be com-
pelled to endure maltreatment. "Mothers
are like riches," said Willie; "most of us
'uns don't have 'em. If we do have 'em, how
they jump on our stomachs when the liquor
gets 'em!"

"Your mother never jumped on you!"
exclaimed Lucy, the sixteen-year old girl,
who had just been admitted.

"I didn't say nothing," was the gruff an-
swer; "jumping ain't worse than setting
babies on hot stoves 'cause they squeal, and
that's what the old woman next door did.
And she was a purty baby too, only she'd
holier when they set her down hard." And
then the poor boy sat back exhausted and
indignant.

"Has the pain come back?" asked Lucy
softly, putting her hand on the countenance.
"Don't Lucy—it's like as if she was going
to jump on me again and I can't get out of
her way; but 'other one was a baby; and
the boy hid his face and moaned over the
baby that was set on the hot stove.—KATE
GANNETT WELLS in Oct. Wide Awake.

AN AMUSING GOOSE STORY.

"When I was in Alabama, between Por-
ter's Gap and Millerville," said a gentleman
living in Atlanta, "I came to a country place
where a man was driving ten or twelve geese
from a branch toward a cotton patch. 'For
heaven's sake,' said I, 'what have you on the
necks of those geese?' 'Those are gourd-
full of water. I drive these geese into that cotton
patch and keep them there all day weeding
out the cotton. There is no water in the
cotton patch, and I have to give them water
in this way to keep them there.' 'But how
do they get the water out of those gourd-
under their necks?' 'They drink out of each
other's gourd. Each gourd has an opening
in the side so that another goose can put his
bill into the gourd and drink. It will stay
there long enough you will see it your-
self.' I waited there half a day to see that
performance, and finally I saw it. The geese
did just as the man said they would. A
goose got thirsty he walked up to his neigh-
bor and coolly drank out of the gourd on his
neck."—Atlanta Journal.

SMOKING ON THE STREET.

The habit of smoking on the streets and in other
public places is becoming an absolute nuisance
in this city. Not only do non-smokers and
women object to it as an invasion of their rights,
but a great many smokers also who would no more
think of smoking in public than of eating in pub-
lic. As for the misguided beings who light their
cigars and cigarettes on the platforms and stair-
ways of the elevated road, nothing short of im-
prisonment for life will reform them. But all the
same, Colonel Bain ought to tackle them.—N. Y.
Tribune.

This is as applicable to other cities as New
York. It is essential that all classes should
meet on the public street, and hence the rights
of all should be regarded.

It is nauseating to many to be forced to fol-
low after a man with a rank cigar or filthy
pipe for blocks, inhaling all the smoke which
he enjoys puffing out on the clear air as he
walks. If the smoker only would swallow his
smoke there would be less cause of com-
plaint, but while he refuses to do this, others
may object to the diffusion of his pleasure.

The custom which requires a man to re-
move his cigar whenever he meets one of the
opposite sex, makes it even more offensive, for
as the cigar is taken from the mouth, the smoke
fog, it will surely cause a speedy cure. It needs
only to be tried to be fully appreciated, and freely
used on suffering man and beast.

To Whom It May Concern.

This may certify that I first became acquainted
with Tuttle's Elixir and also his White Star Lin-
iment during the month of August, 1887, and
believe them to be all that they claim for them.
For sore, cuts and wounds, the Elixir and Lin-
iment are not equalled by anything which I have
ever used. I keep the Elixir constantly on hand
and with it have successfully removed shoe-bolts
and cured thrush. It will cure itching and pre-
vent the horse from rubbing his tail. When used
on a sprained muscle or limb of the human
body, it will surely cause a speedy cure. It needs
only to be tried to be fully appreciated, and freely
used on suffering man and beast.

JOHN F. COLBY.

Boston, Sept. 13, 1888.

Reported for THE PLOUGHMAN.

BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL.

The first of the course of twelve demon-
stration lessons in cookery given under the
auspices of the Boston Cooking School oc-
curred Wednesday, Oct. 31. Miss Ida A.
Maynard presented as the morning's pro-
gramme Cream Soup, Roast Chicken, Cran-
berry Sauce, Fish au Gratin, Stuffed Tom-
atoes and Creme Fete. The first article
made was

Creme Fete.

Mix one-half cup sugar and two heaping tea-
spoonfuls of corn starch and one of flour to-
gether. Add the yolks of three eggs, one
saltspoon of salt and one-quarter cup of
milk. Pour on slowly one pint of hot milk.
Cook fifteen minutes. Add one teaspoonful
of vanilla and one of butter. Pour into a
buttered pan. When cold cut into squares.
Roll in flour, egg and crumbs and fry in hot
fat.

Sauce.

Boil one-half cup of sugar and one cup of
water together. Add the rind of one-quarter
of a lemon. Moisten one heaping tea-
spoonful of corn starch with a little cold
water and add. Cook five minutes, and add
one-quarter cup of wine and a grating of
nutmeg.

The milk was set to boil and then two
heaping tablespoonfuls of corn starch (heaped
moderately) one cup of flour and half a cup
of sugar were mixed thoroughly. After
mixing the dry ingredients, the yolks of
three eggs were well beaten and added to
the corn starch, flour and salt.

After adding a quarter of a cup of milk it
was stirred slowly into the dry ingredients.
Always turn the milk slowly into the flour,
Miss Maynard said, for if the process is re-
versed the flour is apt to form in lumps.
When the milk boiled, the mixture was
turned slowly into the boiling milk and
cooked in the double boiler for fifteen min-
utes, and a teaspoonful of vanilla and a tea-
spoonful of butter were added. After boil-
ing fifteen minutes it was turned into a but-
tered pan, and then put away in a cold place
to harden.

When hardened sufficiently it was taken
out and cut into squares, then rolled in flour.
An egg was thoroughly beaten, and after a
tablespoonful of water had been added, rolled
and sifted bread crumbs were stirred in. The
cakes having been previously rolled in flour,
were then dipped in the mixed egg and bread
crumbs, and fried in hot fat.

Miss Maynard said that an excellent test
for the fat was to put a bit of bread on a
fork and if it browned, while a person could
count forty moderately fast, the fat was hot
enough to use.

For the sauce any preferred fruit juice can
be substituted at will for the wine.

These are sometimes called Queen Fritters.
If served as fritters they should have simply
powdered sugar sifted over them, but if
served as dessert, the sauce should be added.

Roast Chicken.

Singe, remove pin feathers, oil bag, en-
trales and tendons; wipe, stuff and skewer
into shape; rub over with soft butter, dress
with salt, pepper and flour. Roast in a hot
oven, basting often with butter and water;
use 1-1/2 cup butter and 1 cup water.

Stuffing.

Moisten 1 cup cracker crumbs with 1-3
cup butter, add 1 saltspoonful salt, pepper
and mixed herbs. Moisten with hot water.
The stuffing was first prepared. The cup
of cracker crumbs was moistened and salt-
spoonful of salt, pepper and mixed herbs
added. Miss Maynard used Bell's prepared
seasoning and stated that it was always best
to use a small quantity at first, and then add
as taste required. She used three saltspoon-
fuls, finally. Had mixed seasoning not been
at hand, a saltspoonful each of thyme, savory
and marjoram would have been used. The
butter was then added and water sufficient
to reduce it to the desired moisture.

In preparing the chicken, the first opera-
tion was, of course, a thorough singeing over
burned paper; then the pin feathers were
pulled out. Miss Maynard remarked that
to tell a chicken from a fowl, the pliable
breast-bone is a safer test than the absence
of spurs. She prefers a yellow-fleshed chick-
en, with yellow legs and plump breast.
Afterwards, in order to take out the tendons
in the legs, she cut the legs off a little below
the knee-joint, and then after severing the
leg by bending back and twisting, she took
them out with skewers.

If preferred, the leg when broken is shut
in the door and the chicken firmly held and
pulled away, which removes all the tendons
at once. By leaving a portion of the leg be-
low the joint the broken joint is prevented
and it can be easily removed at the joint
when sending to table.

Then the oil bag, gizzard and liver were
carefully removed, by making a cut just large
enough to insert the hand. The lungs are
so far back that many fail to remove them,
as they are not easily found. It is equally
difficult to find the kidneys as they are so
small. Miss Maynard cuts off the neck of a
roast chicken and removes the crop and the
wind-pipe. The former is harder to remove.
The neck is cut off as closely to the backbone
as possible. The chicken is then washed by
letting water run through it, and after wash-
ing on the outside it is carefully wiped with
a cloth. A sufficient quantity of the stuffing
is put in at the neck to make the breast
plump, and then the loose skin is skewered
or sewed back. The remainder of the stuff-
ing is used in the body, and then the body is
fastened by a skewer or sewed, and the legs
fastened together, tying the string about the
tail and legs. The chicken is then kept more
securely in place by added skewers and
strings.

The chicken is then placed on a rack in
the dripping pan, and rubbed over with soft
butter, salt and pepper, and dredged with
flour. An hour and a half is required for
baking a four-pound chicken. The fat from
the chicken is saved and put in the pan for

basting. If it browns too fast put paper over
it. No water should be put in the pan at
first. In about twenty minutes turn a little
hot water in the pan to keep the chicken
from burning. The giblets are then carefully
washed and put into salted hot water to boil
for stock.

This was followed by preparing

Cream Soup.

Boil one small pumpkin till tender. Rub
through a sieve, add one quart boiling milk.
Let it come to a boil. Melt one tablespoon-
ful of butter, add one teaspoonful of corn-
starch and stir into the milk. Add another
tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of
salt. Serve. Sprinkle in a little parsley.

The pumpkin was boiled in salted water, and
made a delicate soup. It was obtained as a
gift to the instructor, and is a variety of
pumpkin not easily obtained in the market.
The pumpkin was done after boiling three-
quarters of an hour.

Cranberry Sauce.

Wash one quart of cranberries. Drain.
Add one pint of sugar and one cup of water.
Cook ten minutes. Do not stir. This was
not strained, but was clear and delicious.

Stuffed Tomatoes.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add one-
half onion cut fine. Fry until yellow, add
three-quarters of a cup of meat chopped fine,
three sprigs of parsley, one and one-half
cups of bread crumbs soaked in water and
squeezed dry; one egg, one teaspoonful of
salt, one-quarter saltspoon of cayenne and
some of the tomato pulp. Cut a piece from
the top of the tomato, scoop out part of the
inside and fill with the above mixture. Cover
with buttered crumbs and bake fifteen or
twenty minutes.

Stuffed vegetables are much in favor this
season. The tomatoes selected should be
smooth. Those used at this time were hot-
house tomatoes, and being out of season cost
twenty-five cents apiece. Any kind of meat
that chances to be left over can be used. The
stuffed tomatoes are splendid.

Fish au Gratin.

Remove the skin and bones of two pounds
of halibut and cut into inch pieces. Season
with salt and pepper. Put a layer into a
buttered baking dish, cover with sauce, add
another layer of fish and more sauce. Cover
with buttered crumbs and bake one-half
hour.

Brown three tablespoonfuls of butter. Add
two tablespoonfuls flour, and pour on slowly
one pint of brown stock. Add one-half tea-
spoonful of chopped parsley, a few drops
of onion juice, juice of one-half lemon, one
tablespoonful of vinegar, and salt and pep-
per to taste.

It is not necessary to have the sauce so
brown as for brown sauce. The onion juice
may be secured by cutting a slice off an onion
and pressing it on a coarse grater.

This can be prepared early in the morn-
ing and put in the oven half an hour before
lunch or dinner.

Among those present at the demonstra-
tion lecture were Mrs. Lincoln, author of
the celebrated cook books, Mrs. Ewing,
who has just completed a fine course of in-
struction in cookery at the Boston Y. M. C.
A. Rooms, Mrs. Miller, a teacher of cookery
at Toledo and Mrs. Trent of Maine. The
result of all the recipes was most satisfac-
tory and commends their use.

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